Captive

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/57275542.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Feastday, Angry Will Graham, Captivity, Non-Consensual Oral Sex, Voyeurism, Nightmares, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Confessions, Sexual Tension, Non-Sexual Intimacy, Bondage, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Obsessive Hannibal Lecter, Suicidal Thoughts, Non-Consensual Cuddling, Captive Will Graham, No beta we die like the rude, Fishing, Dinner, Stressed Will Graham, Confusion
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-07-10 Updated: 2024-10-28 Words: 34,388 Chapters: 10/?

Captive

by ElizaD

Summary

Hannibal reveals his secret to Will, who takes it badly. Hannibal employs plan B, keeping Will captive in his attic until Will is ready to accept his true feelings for Hannibal and the ripper. Will is prepared to those feelings, and Hannibal, to the death.

Formally the Captive series.

Notes

It was started to feel like a story, so here us another work in progress.

I am sorry.

Confessions

Will rang Hannibal's doorbell at seven o'clock on a grey Tuesday evening. Their usual appointments were on Thursdays although Hannibal often invited him for dinner on Friday evenings. He had been quite insistent at their last meeting that Will would come for dinner on Tuesday and when Will asked what he could bring Hannibal requested a sweet dessert wine.

Hannibal opened the door mere seconds after Will rang. Will's eyes widened when he looked at him. He blinked once and then again, struggling to understand what he was seeing. Hannibal was not dressed too unusually, smart dark slacks and a crisp white shirt with the collar open, no tie or waistcoat, but he often forwent those when cooking. What had surprised Will was that Hannibal's face was half obscured by a deep red mask. It covered the top half of his face, ending just under his cheekbones and had short black horns sprouting from his forehead. There was a collection of black and red feathers surrounding the top of the mask. "Come in, Will," he said with a welcoming smile. Will did so, looking at Hannibal strangely, Hannibal took the offered wine and read the label. "An excellent choice, Will," he said politely.

"Hello, Doctor Lecter," Will greeted. "Is there a reason you're in fancy dress?" Will asked.

"Of course. I thought most southern states celebrated Fat tuesday?" Hannibal answered.

"Yeah, I did when I was younger but everyone just ate a lot and there were no masks," Will said.

"In Lithuania we have a similar holiday, we call it Uzgavenes. Mostly it was celebrated by large parties in the streets but the most important parts were the feasting on sweet and decadent foods while wearing certain masks. It was a wonderful celebration to mark the start of lent. The British call it shrove Tuesday and it is considered to be a day for confessing and eating," Hannibal explained.

"So we're feasting?" Will asked.

"Yes Will, and I have quite outdone myself today," Hannibal said, his white teeth looking sharper than ever beneath the mask. He gestured for Will to follow him to the dining room where he poured the wine. The table was covered with a collection of rich foods, thick pancakes drizzled in syrup along with donuts, iced cakes and donuts all torn into bite sized pieces. There was a large mask in front of Will's normal seat. "Indulge me?" Hannibal requested holding the mask out to Will.

The mask was beautiful, the fabric was decorated with emerald and sapphire coloured fabric surrounded by a plume of similar feathers with small jewels on the tips. Hannibal moved behind Will to secure the ribbons holding it in place, gently smoothing his hair out of the way. "So you are the devil, what am I?" Will asked.

"A peacock," Hannibal answered. "It is not one of the traditional masks associated with the festival but when I was searching for a mask for you I saw the colours of this and thought it

would suit you best. I was right, please sit."

"It seems weird to be wearing masks when it's just us," Will said.

"I thought it would be fun," Hannibal said kindly. He speared a piece of pancake on his fork and held it to Will's lips. "Here, try this?" He urged.

Will rested his hand over Hannibal's and parted his lips, taking the sticky treat. "Wow, that's phenomenal," Will said. "Very sweet."

"Everything here is," Hannibal said. "Sweet and rich, all the sort of things that would not have been eaten during lent, a sombre occasion."

"When Jesus wandered the desert and the devil tried to tempt him," Will recalled, helping himself to a selection from their buffet.

"Very good," Hannibal answered. "Those following the tradition would originally abstain from alcohol, chocolate, dairy, red meat on a Friday and even sex. Now most only choose one thing to give up."

"What do you plan on giving up?" Will asked.

"I will not be buying any new suits or ties for the next forty days," Hannibal answered him.

"I think you already have all the suits and ties," Will commented.

"I am loath to give up any kind of food or drink, so clothes are the next best thing," he claimed. "What about you?"

"I don't really observe many religious holidays," Will answered.

"I find Easter is more enjoyable after abstaining," Hannibal said.

"I loved Easter," Will said with a bright grin. "All the chocolate and painting eggs in school. I miss it to be honest," Will admitted looking a little embarrassed.

"There is no reason you cannot do so as an adult," Hannibal said.

"Seems childish to paint eggs at this age," Will said.

"Painting on a canvas is not considered childish," Hannibal argued. "Besides, as your therapist I recommend artistic expression."

"You're recommending I paint eggs?" Will asked, raising an eyebrow that was hidden by feathers and velvet.

"Yes I am, as well as eating copious amounts of chocolate and other sweet things," Hannibal said, biting into a light lemon cake.

"You're in a very good mood," Will observed.

“Yes, I am,” Hannibal said, with an enigmatic smile.

“Maybe I should bake?” Will suggested with a laugh, before moaning at a thick and sticky honey cake. “Though I never made anything this delicious.”

“Do you have an interest in baking?” Hannibal asked.

“I used to, but I don’t have the energy sometimes,” Will said. “Plus it’s hard to figure out the measurements for one person.”

“Did it bring you joy?” Hannibal asked.

“Yes, Maria Konda,” Will said, rolling his eyes.

“Marie Kondo,” Hannibal corrected. “I would like to see you explore the things that make you happy and re-experience joyful moments from your childhood.”

“Why?” Will asked curiously.

“You are faced with horrific things everyday, leaving no room in your mind for the things you love,” Hannibal answered. “I am tasked with your mental wellbeing Will. Finding simple delights can do wonders as does exploring hobbies. Like your dogs, they bring you happiness simply by existing.”

“Yeah, they do,” Will said, with a smile. “I’m gonna have a serious sugar crash from this,” he grinned, his lips dusted with icing sugar.

“What was your favourite thing to bake?” Hannibal asked.

“Chocolate cake,” Will answered. “When I was studying I’d make them at least once a month, living with other students it always got eaten. Now it would be a waste.”

“Come here on Easter, Will?” Hannibal asked. “We can paint eggs, I will make dinner and you can bake a chocolate cake.”

“Are you serious?” Will asked.

“Absolutely,” Hannibal answered.

“I might make a mess in your fancy kitchen?” Will warned. “I always did, flour all over me, the counter, everywhere.”

“A kitchen can be cleaned,” Hannibal said, although there was a noticeable tightness in his jaw at the idea of his pristine room being messy. It was worth it to see Will working in his kitchen, filling it with gorgeous scents with a dash of flour on his nose. “Please?”

“Okay,” Will said, blushing a little.

“Wonderful,” Hannibal purred. “Are you enjoying your feast?” Hannibal asked.

“Yes, very much. some of these desserts I don’t even recognise,” Will said. “But everything tastes amazing.”

“Thank you,” he took a twisted piece of pastry and tore off a chunk before presenting it to will. “Žagarėliai,” he said. “I promise you, it is delicious,” he assured Will with a smile.

Will obediently opened his mouth and accepted the sugar dusted treat, grinning as he bit into the crunchy sweetness. “That’s amazing.”

“The name translates as angel wings,” Hannibal said, softly, gazing at the way Will’s lips moved.

“Žagarėliai,” Will repeated carefully.

“Beautifully spoken,” Hannibal complemented. “It seems your tongue is as talented as your mind,” Will blushed and looked down, missing Hannibal’s smile widening at his reaction to the suggestive comment.

Will was drinking more than usual, the wine was sparkling and sweet and although the servings were small, many of the desserts were dense and rich. Hannibal taught Will the names of several of the desserts from his home land, becoming more animated at Will’s appreciative reactions. “I’m not sure I can eat much more,” Will said an hour later.

“One more thing you absolutely must try,” Hannibal said, reaching for a slice of some sort of chocolate rectangle.

“This is called Tinginys, or lazy cake. It is not baked but kept in the fridge overnight. It is my favourite dessert from all the many places I have visited,” Hannibal explained.

Will was less the co-ordinated and his lips brushed Hannibal’s fingertips as he took the mix of melted butter, cookies and cacao powder. Hannibal let his fingers linger close to Will’s face as he closed his eyes, humming at the dessert. “I need to visit Lithuania if the food is this good,” he said with a lazy smile.

“I will cook you the best of its cuisine,” Hannibal promised. “In exchange for chocolate cake,” Will laughed and nodded.

“Are there any other traditions you want to include?” Will asked.

“One,” Hannibal said. “It may seem like an unorthodox form of therapy but I hope you will appreciate the experience nonetheless.”

“We don’t normally do therapy at dinner,” Will said.

“Therapy is all about you, Will,” Hannibal said. “This is not what this is, it is about both of us expressing vulnerability and moving closer.”

“Not for therapy purposes?” Will said.

“No, for the purpose of our relationships,” Hannibal answered him. “Relationships with people as well as dogs are good for you. You know I only want what is best for you,” Hannibal said warmly.

“I know,” Will admitted. “What?” He asked when Hannibal’s smile widened.

“I am glad that you now trust that,” Hannibal answered, “You would not have done that only a few months ago.”

“I don’t have any reasons not to trust you,” Will said honestly, briefly meeting Hannibal’s dark eyes. “You’re probably my closest friend.”

“I feel very similar,” Hannibal answered, carefully choosing his words. “Finish your drink and we can move on,” Will drained his glass, licking his lips to catch the last drops. “Just a moment,” Hannibal said before moving into the kitchen.

He returned and handed Will a small measure of a dark spirit. “Sip, it is deceptively strong,” he warned. Will took a sip and hummed as the liquid travelled down and warmed him. “Come, there is a better place to do this.”

Will calmly followed Hannibal out into the hallway where he paused. “Would you please leave your shoes by the door?” Hannibal requested. Will looked confused but obliged. “Thank you, Will. My carpets upstairs are more expensive and I would not have shoes treading on it,” he left his own shoes by the door before leading Will up the stairs, the carpet soft and thick beneath their feet.

Hannibal opened the door, allowing Will to enter the bedroom first. He turned a light switch, giving the room a dim glow and shut the door, locking it discreetly behind him. Hannibal's bedroom was decorated in vibrant jewel tones and luxurious fabrics. There was less art than Will would assume, the focus pulled to a large painting featuring wood nymphs frockling in a stream, surrounded by blooming flowers. “This is beautiful,” Will commented, feeling self-conscious in the private space.

“Thank you,” Hannibal said. “That painting took me a great many months but it was very worth it. It means more to me than most physical possessions”

“Wow, incredible,” Will mused, examining the painting for smaller details, new features seeming to appear before his eyes.

“Please take a seat,” Hannibal said, gesturing to a chair, opposite his own, nodding when Will did so. “Do you remember what I told you about the British traditions surrounding this date?”

“People would go to confession, right?” Will said.

“That is correct. I would like to observe that tradition. I have personally never given a confession and if I was to tell you my every sin we would be here until next Christmas,” Hannibal explained. “Thus, I suggest we limit ourselves to one confession, do you understand?”

“I’m not sure why you want to do this?” Will said with uncertainty.

“It is difficult to explain but I promise you will understand soon, but I need your confession first,” Hannibal said.

“I don’t think I want to do this,” Will said, looking down.

“Will,” Hannibal waited for him to look up. “I can promise you that no matter what you say it will stay between you and me.”

“I’m not your patient,” Will reminded him.

“No. I promise this as your friend. Whatever you trust me with I will keep confidential. Even royalty had their confidants,” Hannibal said, placing a hand over Will’s, warm and comforting.

“In a church there is a barrier. I know it can be seen though but it helps,” Will said,

“Will a symbolic barrier make you feel more comfortable?” Hannibal asked, Will nodded.

Hannibal stood and offered his hand to Will, helping him to stand too. He led Will to the bed and gently pushed him to sit on the edge. Will’s throat bobbed as he swallowed, gazing up at Hannibal through his mask. Hannibal drew a gauzy topaz curtain along the length of the bed, a veil between them. Hannibal moved his chair to sit opposite Will and waited. “Give me your confession, Will.”

Will looked down. “I really don’t think I want to do this,” Will repeated, crossing his legs and making himself smaller.

“Trust me,” Hannibal urged softly.

“I have nightmares about the killers I go after. But in the dreams… I am the killer. I dream about slitting Abigail's throat like her Dad would have and more and more the person I am…,” he swallowed thickly as his voice trembled. “I’m with the Chesapeake Ripper.”

“With?” Hannibal prompted.

“I’m helping him do his work,” Will said.

“Can you see him?” Hannibal asked.

“Not exactly,” Will said. “In the dreams he looks like a monster. Tall and dark skinned, like ash with bright white eyes and antlers on his head,” he described, hands moving through his own curls. “I am arranging his display but he’s with me the whole time, guiding me, he doesn’t speak, our connection is deeper. I’m not afraid of him, or it. Even when his clawed hands are on my body and I can feel his hot breath on my skin, he is always so close, touching, smelling me. He’s a predator but I feel safe, on equal footing,” Will explained, the words running together.

“There is more,” Hannibal stated.

“Yes,” Will said, his voice was rough and low. He met Hannibal’s eyes, blazing into him from behind his sinister mask. “When I wake up from these dreams I’m…” he paused, eyes closed and he forced out the word. “Hard,” it was as if the stone was rolled away and his words gushed out. “I don’t understand it, but I wake up and I’m hard and hot and throbbing, leaking and so close to orgasm, my hand already wrapped around me before I even open my eyes. I used to throw up after those dreams but when it’s the Ripper…” he trailed off as a tear slipped below the line of his mask, falling onto the jade green spread under him. Hannibal licked his lips, inhaling the salty taste of his tears.

“Do you touch yourself when you wake-up?” Hannibal asked. “Bring yourself to orgasm?”

“I can’t help it,” Will gasped, trembling slightly. “I wake up in my hand and so damn close, it takes seconds.”

“Do the Ripper’s displays excite you?” Hannibal asked, mouth parted in wonder.

“They fascinated me,” Will answered. “But now… I don’t know how I feel, I don’t understand it.”

“You should not feel guilty for the way your body reacts to stimulus,” Will said. “Do you want to kill?”

“No,” Will said firmly. “I killed Garret-Jacob Hobbs because I had to but I don’t ever want to need to do that again.”

“Even though you enjoyed it?” Hannibal pressed.

“Yes,” Will croaked.

Silence lingered in the dim room, as they watched each other through the veil.

“Will you hear my confession Will?” Hannibal breathed, barely holding onto his self control.

“Yes.”

“I am the Chesapeake Ripper,” Will’s only response was a quick intake of breath. “And the copycat. I apologise for deceiving you for so long.”

“No,” Will said. “The Ripper is a sociopath, you don’t fit the profile.”

“You read Mirium Lasses’ notes, they call him a sociopath because they don’t know what else to call him; me," Hannibal said.

“She said he was caucasian but exotic and intelligent, he could present a perfectly normal face to the world,” he stopped. “Oh God. Why are you telling me this!” He covered his mouth, surprised at his own loud outburst.

“You are closer than you know to reaching the conclusion than you realise, you clever boy,” Hannibal said with a small smile. “When was the first time you saw the monster version of the ripper in your dream? Do you recall what you had seen that day?”

“We caught the organ harvester, I saw you with your hands in a man,” Will said.

“Yes. I saw it click for you then, you knew, but your conscious mind refused to accept it and buried it deep where only your dreams could reach it,” Hannibal said.

“I didn’t know,” Will insisted. “If I had any idea I would have told Jack.”

“I believe that may have been why your realisation stayed in your subconscious,” Hannibal said. “A desire to not lose your closest friend.”

“You are not my friend,” Will hissed viciously.

“I am Will. I am the same person you called your closest friend. The person you always smile at when I open the door,” he smiled at that himself. “You know me. I am the figure in your dreams, the one you are connected to, the one guiding you, the one who excites you so strongly.”

“No,” Will gasped, shaking his head.

“If you had told Jack, and he believed you, what would the consequences have been?” Hannibal asked.

“He would have shot you,” Will answered. “Even unarmed he probably would have, or you would end up in a hospital for the criminally insane forever, top security.”

“Or received the death penalty,” Hannibal said.

“No jury would find you sane,” Will said. “We both know you are but after seeing those displays, the insanity defence would fly easily.”

“We would be parted forever,” Hannibal said. “You cannot say you wanted that,” Will didn’t answer him. “You still do not want that.”

“Don’t tell me what I feel,” Will said. “Why did you tell me this when you know I have to tell Jack?” He asked.

“I felt it would have been better coming from me,” Hannibal said, calmly. “In a way in which we could discuss your feelings and what you will do now.”

“I have to tell Jack,” Will said, standing up and coming out from behind the fabric as Hannibal stood.

“No,” he said calmly. Will stared at him for a moment before moving to the door and pulling the handle, finding it locked.

“Open the door,” he said, fighting the fear in his voice.

“No, please sit down and we can discuss this calmly,” Hannibal said.

Will felt his body flush and tore the mask off before dropping it onto the floor. “FUCK YOU!” He screamed, moving into Hannibal’s personal space.

“I understand you are angry with me but there is no need for that language, Will,” Hannibal said, taking his seat. “Please sit down and let us discuss this like civilised people.”

Will stared at him in shock for a minute or two before realising he was being completely serious. He flew at the door, kicking and clawing at the wood and screaming. “Let me out! Let me out! Open this door now, I’m calling Jack! Open this door or I will kill you!” He shrieked.

“Will you?” Hannibal asked curiously.

“Yes,” Will growled, turning to face Hannibal fully. “I will kill you with bare hands you fucking monster.”

“Please, Will,” Hannibal said, turning his eyes down. “There is nothing to be gained by you trying to hurt me, verbally or physically.”

“I HATE YOU!” Will bellowed, moving closer to Hannibal. “YOU ARE EVIL AND I WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOU!”

“What is it I need your forgiveness for?” Hannibal asked sharply. “I never actually lied to you nor sent you in opposite directions. I hurt no-one you care about and I have not hurt you. Are you simply defensive that I have forced you to accept your feelings?” He asked.

“I feel hate!” Will ground out.

“You knew who I was, have done for weeks but denied it to yourself rather than lose me. At the same time you began to dream of joining, connecting with the Ripper, with me. Dreams that left you aroused and aching. You desire me,” he said, his low voice almost caressing the words as he moved closer to Will. Will took a step back, his back colliding with the door as Hannibal came ever closer, bending to sniff Will’s neck. “You are aroused now.”

“No.”

“Dilated eyes, increased heart rate, raised temperature, flushed cheeks,” Hannibal said with a small smile. Will felt like his head was spinning, the scent of Hannibal’s cologne and the softness of his voice, even the vision of his face, still half obscured by the dark mask, made his heart hammer and his skin vibrate. “You are confused. Social ethics tell you that this attraction is wrong, that you need to turn me in as soon as possible. But you are not a slave to these norms, darling, you are above the shallow idea of good and evil. You can have what you want,” his lips were less than an inch from Will’s. “You can have your Ripper,” he moaned.

Hannibal was surprised when Will suddenly punched him in the face, forcing him to step back. He had not recovered before Will came after him again, striking at him wildly and snarling like a wild animal. The first punch had been hard but he was too uncontrolled and wild to cause further damage, like a child throwing a tantrum. Hannibal eventually caught his

wrists, holding him close. “Stop this, Will,” he said firmly. Will tried to wrench his hands free with a wail but Hannibal held fast until Will ceased his struggling and took several deep breaths, coming visibly more calm. When Will looked up into Hannibal’s dark eyes he let his tense muscles release. Hannibal smiled warmly at him, his grip loosening slightly. He yanked Will forward, smothering his surprised sound with his mouth, moaning deeply as he slid his tongue between Will’s protesting lips, tasting sweetness in his mouth. Will managed to pull back, mouth open and breathing heavily, staring at Hannibal in shock. “You have wanted that as long as I have,” Hannibal told him.

“No!” Will said, spitting on Hannibal’s face.

“Do not do that again Will,” Hannibal said, his voice dangerous. “I am trying to be as understanding as possible but I will not tolerate rudeness. If you are not ready to discuss this without lashing out at me then I can leave this room until you are. I do not want us to reach the point where I feel the need to hurt you,” he said, struggling to remain calm as he reached for a tissue on his bedside table and cleaned his face.

“How about you stay in this room and I leave,” Will snarled.

“I cannot allow that until you calm down and admit that you do not want to turn me in,” Hannibal said. He turned towards the door.

“Wait!” Will called, sounding vulnerable. “You’re right, I’m confused, overwhelmed,” he said, voice trembling. “I do have very… strong feelings for you,” he admitted. “Learning the truth, it is hard to deal with,” he said, gazing up at Hannibal through thick lashes, eyes gleaming, his pink tongue darting out over his bottom lip. “I don’t have the words but I think I know a way to show you how I feel,” he crept closer nervously.

“Go ahead, dearest,” Hannibal said, staring at him fondly.

Will nodded and stepped closer to the painting. For the first time he saw a shadowy creature watching the innocent creatures, blood dripping from its razor sharp teeth. He traced his hand along the mahogany frame. With a roar he tore the painting from the wall and shattered the frame against the four poster bed before ripping the canvas below. “Fuck you! I hate you!” He repeated, baring his teeth.

Hannibal sighed. “That was very hurtful,” he said, anger quivering in his voice. He was clearly holding himself back and Will felt a surge of triumph.

“Good!” Will barked. “It should.”

“You are being entirely unreasonable,” Hannibal said regretfully. “I will leave you to calm down,” he said walking towards the door. Will crashed into him from behind and the world spun for a minute before he found himself staring at Will’s stormy eyes as he felt calloused hands tightening around his neck. He brought a hand to Will’s straining wrists, caressing the skin.“Will, please stop this,” gritting his teeth Will tightening his grip, cutting off Hannibal’s ability to speak and restricting his breath. Hannibal regarded him mournfully before striking Will in the face and splitting his lip open, blood running over his chin. He broke Will’s grip on his neck easily and retrieved a syringe from his pocket, injecting a sedative into Will’s

throat, and catching him in his arms as he lost consciousness. “Hush, darling, it will be okay,” he said, pressing a kiss to Will’s forehead. His gaze travelled to the wrecked painting. “I wish you had not done that, beloved.”

He lifted Will into his arms before unlocking the door and carrying him bridal style to the top floor. Hannibal took Will to the room he had prepared for him, placing him on the soft bed, securing the door with a computerised lock.

He brushed Will's curls back tenderly, admiring his beauty. Leaning in close, Hannibal inhaled the smell of his blood, licking a trail of the warm liquid, closing his eyes in ecstasy at the taste. Hannibal scowled when he saw that his cuff was stained with Will’s blood. He stripped off and donned a robe before preparing Will, he would wake up soon. Once ready, Hannibal took a seat watching over Will.

The mask obscuring his heartbreak.

Even Steven

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is hurt by Will’s rejection and seeks to even the score.

Chapter Notes

Warning. There's a non con blow job in this chapter.

Will slowly broke the surface of his unconsciousness, his head heavy and mouth dry. “Drink,” he felt a cool glass being pressed to his lips and took a sip of water gratefully despite the sting in his lips. He forced his eyes to open to see a devil’s face before him. Hannibal’s eyes trailed over Will’s face, checking him over before stepping back, watching him quietly. His head felt muddled but there was something very wrong in this situation. He looked around the unfamiliar room, it was smaller and lighter than Hannibal’s room and Will couldn’t remember coming here.

His mind felt fuzzy and his stomach turned to lead when he realised he was naked. His arms were spread out and bound to a metal frame behind his head and he was kneeling on the floor, a plump soft cushion protecting his knees. Hannibal’s suit was hung from a wardrobe door and he was dressed in a dark robe. Will ducked his head and tried to remember what had happened. He recalled desserts and confessing his deepest shame, remembered Hannibal informing him that he was the Ripper before refusing to let him leave. He knew he had destroyed a painting and attacked Hannibal, then darkness. Hannibal was still wearing his devil mask and watching him stoically. “What happened?” He asked eventually.

“What do you remember?” Hannibal asked calmly.

“You’re the Chesapeke Ripper,” Will said.

“Yes,” Hannibal answered. “You became hysterical and violent so I gave you a strong sedative. You may feel a little fuzzy but it will pass quickly.”

“Where am I?”

“We are still in my home, simply on a top floor bedroom,” he explained. “You have only been out for about twenty minutes. Will tugged at his bonds experimentally. “You will give yourself friction burns by struggling,” he pointed out.

“Let me go,” he demanded, realising that his ankles were also tied to the foot of the bed at his back.

“I don’t think that would be wise,” Hannibal said with a sigh. “Not until I am sure you will not attempt to attack me again. I would rather not harm you in self-defence.”

“You cannot keep me captive forever,” Will said in a panic.

“Not forever,” Hannibal agreed. “Just until you have accepted the situation,” he explained. “May I check your lip?” He asked. Will glared but did not speak, Hannibal took his silence as permission and gently cleaned the split flesh with an alcohol swab. “It is not deep,” he said. “Providing you leave it alone then it should heal quickly,” Hannibal pressed his thumb to Will’s lips, ignoring his wince and watching blood trickle from the wound. Hannibal lapped at the blood with a moan. “You taste even more heavenly than I could have ever imagined.”

“Don’t touch me,” Will growled softly.

Hannibal stood. “You deliberately sought to hurt me, toyed with my emotions and destroyed a treasured position before physically attacking me,” Hannibal said. “I forgive you, Will. I have faith that in time you will forgive me for my deception.”

“I will never forgive you,” Will spat.

“We have time, I was prepared for you to react poorly,” Hannibal said, finally sipping the mask from his face. “We can finally begin anew, no secrets,” his words did not match the tone of his voice, soft and almost mournful. “Once the slate has been wiped clean.”

“Wiped clean?” Will repeated warily.

“You hurt me Will, we must even the score before moving on,” his face was absent of emotion as he removed his robe, placing it neatly on the back of the chair and revealing his naked body to Will.

It was something Will’s mind had often thought of, usually when he was struggling to sleep or showering. Not exactly fantasising but wondering, curiosity with an undercurrent of longing. Hannibal moved towards him, his penis already at half mast. “Come near me and I will bite it off,” Will snarled through gritted teeth. Hannibal paused and collected something from a side table.

He held up a leather strap in front of Will, it was thick and black with a rubber ring in the centre. “This will force your mouth open and cover your teeth, granting me entry. It will not be comfortable and no doubt your lips will bleed a lot, perhaps even causing enough excess damage for you to require stitches. It would be best for us both if I do not have to use it but I will if you insist. You cannot keep me from fucking your beautiful bloody mouth but can make this easier on yourself,” he said. His voice was matter of fact but his dick was growing harder, angled towards Will’s swollen lips. “Do I need to use this gag?” He asked.

“Please, Hannibal,” Will spoke meekly. “Stop this, untie me and we can talk calmly. I swear I won’t shout or break anything or attack you again.”

“No,” Hannibal answered firmly, a hand cradling Will’s face tenderly. “You still know that all I want is what is best for you, for us. When a wildfire burns itself out what is left behind will grow back stronger, no matter how much devastation is caused. You can trust me Will.”

“I can’t,” Will said, voice shaking. “I don’t trust you, not anymore,” tears stung behind his eyes. “I wanted to trust you, I needed someone to trust, needed it to be you and you have been lying to me since the day we met.”

“A necessary deception,” he claimed, kneeling before Will and cupping his face in his hands. “I promise you that you can trust me to help you beloved,” he pressed a kiss to Will’s resistant lips as he shook his head helplessly.

“Let me go,” Will begged. Hannibal drew back, his human mask firmly in place and showing no emotion.

“Would you rather I use the ring gag?” He asked, voice hard but not cruel.

“No,” Will whispered.

“Good,” Hannibal praised, rising to his feet. “Tell me that you understand why I need to do this.”

“I do,” Will said, head hanging down. “But I can’t… I’ve never…” Will trailed off when Hannibal titled his chin upwards, thumb brushing away a stray tear.

“Everything is going to be okay, darling,” he said calmly. Hannibal wrapped a hand around the base of his cock, lazily pumping the length. “Open your mouth,” he coaxed. Trembling, Will obeyed the direction and parted his lips. “Good boy, my good Will,” Hannibal said warmly. “Lick,” he ordered, bringing the head of his penis to rest against Will’s red lips. Eyes closed in shame Will darted out his tongue, licking over the firm head. Saliva flooded his mouth at the salty taste of Hannibal and his stomach fluttered slightly. “There,” he sighed softly. “Now wet your tongue,” his eyes rested on Will’s lips as they moved, sucking on his tongue. “Will you open your lovely eyes for me?” He asked sweetly. Will raised his blue eyes to Hannibal’s deep red gaze, the intensity there sending a shiver over his bare skin. “Beautiful,” he whispered, smiling gently at Will’s eyes, his blue irises only a sliver, pupils blown wide with lust, or fear. “Swirl your tongue around the tip of my dick, get used to the taste, the texture,” Will could not hold his gaze and let it fix on Hannibal’s navel as he dragged his tongue around the head, coating the head in drool, growing more confident and shocked at how much he enjoyed the musky scent and taste flooding his senses. “Yes Will, you’re doing so well, so good for me” he praised softly. His gentle encouragement was affecting Will more than he thought possible, a tell-tale warming coiling around the base of his spine. Will shifted his legs awkwardly, trying to hide the swelling of his penis. Hannibal

noticed his wriggling and saw the effect he was having. “You can enjoy yourself my sweet boy, you need only let yourself,” Will swallowed a moan, his cheeks flaming red.

“Take me into your mouth, sweet Will,” he urged, resting a hand on Will’s crown and guiding his head past Will’s gentle lips. “Hush, relax darling, I have you. Suck,” unable to resist, Will began to suck on Hannibal’s head, droll flowing over his chin and the cut on his lip stinging slightly. Hannibal let out a soft purr of contentment and smiled down at Will when his bright eyes flicked up. “Incredible,” he said with affection. “Take more for me, my dearest one,” he cradled Will’s head, pushing another couple of inches into Will’s hot mouth and groaning, allowing Will a moment to adjust as he struggled to find the correct teeth placement. “Seal your lips around me and hollow out your cheeks, yes just like that, darling, suck me,” Will did so, unable to deny the thrill that Hannibal’s encouragement provided. Hannibal’s hand settled on the back of Will’s neck and he guided Will’s movements, showing him the right pace to bob his head. “Perfection,” he breathed. “My talented, stunning boy.”

Will could not hold back the needy whimper that slid past his lips, sweat shining on his skin. “Your sounds are so sweet, darling. I do adore you, you cannot know how much,” he said with devotion. Will let the promises wash over him, the warmth and acceptance and love warming him from the inside as his penis filled with blood. He felt a rush of shame at how much he was enjoying this even though he knew it was wrong and he should feel sick not aroused. But when Hannibal’s long fingers caressed Will’s cheek he leaned into the touch with a soft purr. “Wonderful,” Hannibal praised him, thrusting his hips forward and plunging more of his silken length into Will’s mouth and shuddering with pleasure. When the head of Hannibal’s penis drove in too far, Will choked, moving his head back as far he could when the entrance to his throat was blocked, Hannibal’s hands held him in place. “Calm down sweetheart, stop struggling, breathe through your nose,” Will continued to struggle, feeling himself start to panic. “Look at me Will,” Hannibal said firmly, waiting for Will’s wide eyes to meet his. “You are safe, now breathe through your nose, relax,” Will stared deeply into Hannnibal’s eyes, trusting in him despite everything and breathing through his nose, absorbing and treasuring Hannibal’s pleased sounds. “If only you could see yourself through my eyes,” Hannibal said softly. “I want you to relax your throat for me,” he urged. Will shook his head, he couldn’t do that, Hannibal was too big, too thick for him to take. “You can do this Will, just let yourself give in to me, mano sielos draugas,” his head teased over Will’s gag reflex. “You are so very good for me, make me feel such bliss. I know you can do this for me, just a little more,” he used his warm hands to tilt Will’s head watching his throat flex, after a few seconds Will gave a short nervous nod.

Hannibal caressed his cheek and pushed forward, filling Will’s throat, stretching his lips and capturing the fresh blood spilling free. He gasped out a raw sound of gratification when he was fully sheathed inside Will’s hot wet cavern, encased in the tightness of his throat, keeping Will’s face upturned and staring into his eyes, heavy balls pressed to Will’s chin.

“How beautiful you look.” he praised in adoration. “Swallow around me?” He pleaded, gently rocking into Will’s mouth.

Will moaned around the meaty shaft, vibrations travelling along the length, making Hannibal choke and grasp Will’s curls tighter. Will’s fingers twitched, anxious to touch Hannibal and draw him in closer. Hannibal’s movements became less smooth, faster and rougher as low words spilled for his lips in a stream of devoted praise. “Tobulumą, mano Dieve, mano viską, aš garbinu. Mano brangioji mylimoji Will!” Hannibal cried out, forcing himself in deeper, until tears appeared in Will’s eyes, tumbling over his cheeks. “Swallow,” he ordered seconds before exploding in Will’s waiting mouth, clutching his head tightly. Will swallow everything Hannibal had to offer, lost in the feeling of Hannibal’s adoration.

Hannibal drew back with a soft moan, caressing Will’s cheeks as he gasped for breath. Hannibal sank to his knees, wrapping his arms around Will and embracing him, burying his face in Will’s neck. He pulled back to gaze at Will’s face, flushed bright pink with tears caught on his long lashes. “Perfect, Will, you are a wonder,” smiling warmly he softly pressed his mouth to Will’s parting his lips with his tongue and coaxing him into responding. When Will tentatively opened his mouth wider and found Hannibal’s tongue with his own Hannibal deepened the kiss, moaning at the taste of his own seed on Will’s tongue. Knowing that there was a part of him inside of Will, nourishing him, was the ultimate aphrodisiac and he clung to his slender body tightly. Hannibal bit into Will’s lower lip, spitting open the fragile cut again. He kissed away the tears on Will’s cheek and lapped at the blood again, he could never get enough of the blazing coppery taste.

Hannibal’s hand slid down over Will’s torso, parting his weak legs and taking Will’s erection in hand. “You have no idea how good you smell, coated in sweat and screaming for satisfaction,” he purred in Will’s ear, pumping his shaft.

“Stop please,” Will whined, turning his head away from Hannibal’s kisses and warm eyes. He forced himself to remember that he was here against his will with a serial killer touching his restrained body. “I don’t want this,” he hissed. “I don’t, I don’t!”

“Beloved,” he purred softly. “It is okay for you to want his, enjoy my touch. You will be safe here, I will take care of you until you are ready to accept the truth about your own darkness and your true feelings, to live without shame.”

Will shook his head rapidly, fighting the pleasure rising in his stomach. “No, please, stop!” He begged. “I can’t.”

“You can,” Hanniabl urged him. He continued rapidly jerking Will’s penis, smearing pre-cum around the angry purple head and leaving wet open mouthed kisses along his neck. “You can have this, love, pleasure, everything. I will give you anything you could ever want or need,” Will let out a ragged sob, unable to deny the pleasure in his veins and bucking his hips up into Hannibal’s hand. “Yes darling, my wonderful precious boy. So good for me, so beautiful,” he kissed Will fiercely with a bruising intensity, blood and moans flowing between their mouths until Will came with a broken cry. His vision flooded with white as fireworks exploded deep inside him, the strongest orgasm of his life crashed through his body and he almost passed out from the force, sagging against Hannibal’s strong frame. Warm hands smoothed over his trembling body as Hannibal cooed sweet endearments into his air. Praise and promises of love making him weak, conflicting emotions battling in his heart.

Will tugged against the silk bindings on his wrists. “Hannibal, please,” he begged. “My arms hurt,” he complained, hating his own weakness. With one arm holding Will against his body, Hannibal freed his wrist, letting Will’s heavy arms flop to his sides. When Will could not summon the energy to fight his hold, Hannibal untied his ankles and lifted Will in his arms, laying him on the bed and pressing a gentle kiss to his forehead.

“Give me a moment,” he said softly, walking into the small adjoining bathroom and wetting a towel with warm water. He heard a crash and hurried back into the bedroom. Barely able to stand, Will was trying to open up the door despite the electronic lock sealing him in. Hannibal easily lifted him around the waist, dropping him on the bed and covering Will’s body with his own, pinning him down to the soft surface as Will weakly thrashed under him. “Stop!” He ordered Will, squeezing his wrists in an iron grip.

“I hate you,” Will said, through angry tears of humiliation and confusion. Part of him wanting to drag Hannibal into a kiss and invite him into his aching body, beg to be called a good boy again and made to feel loved and cherished while another part still felt stung and betrayed by the lies. A flicker of fear was burning deep in him and he needed to fight against the dark appeal of Hannibal’s adoration, his intense love.

Hannibal looked down on him sadly. “I wish you did not feel the need to tell yourself that dearest but I will be patient with you. I would wait forever for you to admit what you truly feel for me because I know that you return my affections,” he brushed back Will’s hair from his forehead. “Rest now darling. I will speak to you in the morning.”

“You have to let me go,” Will tried weakly. “You can’t keep me locked in here.”

“I will do what I need to my beloved Will,” he promised softly, standing and donning his robe.

“My dogs,” he said in desperation.

“I will make sure to feed them before bringing you breakfast,” Hannibal said.

“Work and Jack, Alana,” he spluttered. “They will notice me, come looking. You know this is insane, it can’t work,” he said, sitting up on the bed.

Hannibal sat down next to him. “Will, everything you can use to argue, I have considered. Jack, Alana, Beverly, no-one will know to search for you, your dogs will be taken care of and your classes will be covered for as long as need be. I was optimistic after deciding to show you myself but I always had a plan B that I hoped I would not need.”

“You’ve planned this,” Will said, an icy trickle moving down his spin.

“Yes Will,” Hannibal answered. “I know it is in you to fight,” he said with an affectionate smile. “But eventually you will see that we can be happy together.”

“You hope for me to develop Stockholm syndrome,” Will stated.

“No. I am truly, completely and forever in love with you, my beloved, how could I not be?” He asked with a bright smile.

“You can’t make me love you back by keeping me prisoner,” Will spat.

“I am aware of that Will. I do not intend to manipulate or force feelings on you, only to give you the freedom to accept what you already feel for me and the ripper,” Hannibal explained patiently.

“Hate,” Will snapped. “I hate you and I am terrified now I know the truth.”

“That is not true,” Hannibal said calmly. “You have dreamt of being with the ripper, feeling that soul-deep connection. No fear, safe from the predator, equal.”

“That was a dream,” Will said.

“Your feelings were all real,” Hannibal assured him.

“Stop it, you can’t just tell me that I feel the way you want and make it so,” Will said, clutching his head in frustration. “Get away from me,” he bit out, turning his face away, eyes focusing on the opposite wall.

He heard Hannibal stand and move to the door. “Sleep well my love,” he said softly and slipped out of the room. When the door shut behind him Will flew at the wood in a rush of fury, slamming his fist against it before sliding down the door, head in his hands. Will reached for the damp towel that Hannibal had brought and cleared the dried cum from his chest.

His head was throbbing and his body ached as he crawled into bed, dragging the covers over his head. He needed sleep, time to breathe and space to think so he could figure out how to escape. He knew Hannibal had it all planned out, no-one was coming for him. If Will was going to earn his freedom he had to do it himself. As he let the exhaustion take over Hannibal’s words floating through his mind.

You can have this, love, pleasure, everything.

Yes Will, you're doing so well, so good for me.

We can be happy together.

I am truly, completely and forever in love with you, my beloved.

Oxytocin

Chapter Summary

Will's new living situation had him stressed. Hannibal find an unconventional way to help him.

Chapter Notes

There's about non-consensual cuddling that I love.

Hannibal steeled himself and knocked on Will’s door. There was no response, not that he had expected one, Will was surprisingly good at the silent treatment. He had expected Will to calm down once he got over the shock but a week later he was still angry, furious even. Hannibal wondered if he even was angry or whether his aggressive behaviour was a way for Will to punish him. He ate without complaint as long as Hannibal was not present. That had to be a petty clutch for control, denying Hannibal the simple pleasure of watching Will be nourished by his offerings.

He didn’t ignore Hannibal. Every time he entered the room Will flew at him in a rage, kicking and screaming and trying to scratch his eyes out. Never words, just howls and snarls. It was becoming tiring. Hannibal checked the syringe in his pocket before entering. As expected, Will attacked him automatically. He didn’t even try to escape, more focused on hurting Hannibal than escaping. There were another three doors in between the hallway and the outside world but Will had never gotten that far.

Will was fighting him viciously but not effectively. He was not thinking about how he attacked and Hannibal was able to protect himself easily. He grabbed one of Will’s wrists, twisted the arm behind his back and pinned Will to the wall by the door. Hannibal kicked the door shut and pressed his body to Will’s, keeping him secured in place while his freehand reached for the pocket. “No!” Will shouted when the point of the needle connected with his skin. He jerked his head wildly causing Hannibal to hesitate, pricking him in the wrong place could be dangerous.

“Hold still,” he instructed calmly.

“Not the drugs,” Will said, a note of pleading in his voice. “Please. It fills my head with fog and I can’t breathe, I hate it. Please,” the words tumbled from his lips, more than he’d said all week.

“Do as I say and I will not have to use them,” Hannibal told him gently, surprised but relieved when Will stopped struggling in his grip.

“Okay,” the word came out forced but when Hannibal released him he did not attack.

“Sit,” Hannibal said, gesturing to a chair in the corner of the room. It was not a request but also not an order. Will bristled but did so. Hannibal nodded with a pleased smile. “Good boy,” Will would not look at him but Hannibal noticed his breath quicken in response to the praise. “Thank you Will.”

He blocked the electronic lock with his broad body and grabbed the garment he had waiting outside the room. The door slammed shut behind him and he turned so Will could see what he held.

“No!” Will shouted, jumping to his feet with wide eyes.

“Calm down please,” Hannibal requested, holding out a hand as though calming a wild animal.

“Absolutely not, get away from me!” Will shouted, his eyes on the straight jacket in Hannibal’s hands.

“Please trust me Will, I am trying to help you,” Hannibal said calmly.

“I don’t trust you!” Will spat. “Leave,” he snarled.

Hannibal tossed the rough fabric onto the bed and removed his own jacket, folding up his sleeves carefully. “Your cortisol levels are very high,” Hannibal.

“How the fuck would you know?” Will sneered.

“At this point I can almost smell it coming off you in waves,” Hannibal responded. “There are also a number of symptoms. You are not sleeping well, you move as though your muscles are bothering you, you pick at your food whereas before you exhibited a healthy appetite, indicating digestive problems, nausea, yes?” Will glared but he was right on every point. “Also when you are alone, you are almost always supporting your head as though in pain, even to the point of accepting medication when I leave it for you. Chronic stress is not good for you and I would be grateful if you would help me to relieve that stress without a fight.”

“Let me go?” Will asked, hope stirring in his eyes.

“Not yet,” Hannibal answered. “But there are ways to alter your hormones, get them more in balance by triggering the release of oxytocin. Please allow me to put this on you?”

“No,” Will repeated. “You are fucking crazy,” Hannibal jaw tightened.

“I would like to trust you enough to engage in this exercise without restraining you but clearly you are determined to make everything a battle,” Hannibal said, sounding tired but resolved.

“Leave me alone,” Will growled though, clenched teeth. “I hate you.”

Hannibal flinched at the venom in his voice. “No,” he said softly. Will let out a wordless cry and flung a hardback book across the room hard enough that the door rattled when it connected. Hannibal calmly retrieved the book and placed it on the bedside table. “Jane Eyre,” he read with a gentle smile. “One of my favourite Bronte works.”

“Perhaps because of the crazy person locked in the attic,” Will spat.

“Tragic though her story was, that was the best thing for the first Mrs Rochester. He could have killed her, or locked her in a disgusting asylum but he cared for her, even when she was clearly a danger to herself and others,” Hannibal argued, Will faced the wall and refused to speak. Hannibal gathered the jacket and came towards Will. “Will, please, I want to help you.”

“Fuck you,” when Hannibal was within reach Will turned and threw a punch, striking him in the face. He would sport a purple mark along his cheekbone in the morning but it was not enough to make Hannibal leave. He dodged the next punch and dropped the jacket allowing him to grab Will’s biceps and bring him close, pressing Will’s back to his chest, one arm holding him tightly the other covering his mouth. Will thrashed against him, his shouts muffled by Hannibal’s hand. He stamped on Hannibal’s feet, kicking wildly when Hannibal held his nose shut, restricting his breathing. In his panic, he felt his heart hammering and wondering if Hannibal was trying to kill him.

Will continued his weak protests until he was starved of oxygen and went limp against Hannibal. “Shush, it is okay darling. Oh, my beautiful beloved. You will feel better soon,” a few seconds later the edges of Will’s vision grew dark and he fell into unconsciousness in Hannibal’s protective arms.

He woke up several minutes later to the scent of jasmine and lavender. He was laid on his side on the soft bed facing the window. It was not as unpleasant as waking up from the sedative but he still felt disoriented and his heart was beating rapidly. He tried to move his body and realised he was strapped into the straight jacket, not tight enough to hurt him but still restricting and scaring him. His feet were shackled to the iron at the end of the bed. He struggled to sit up, breathing ragged. “I’m not crazy. I’m not crazy. I’m not, I’m not, not crazy,” he repeated under his breath. The jacket triggered the fear that sliding into killers' minds would one day drive him crazy and he would lose himself completely to the evil minds.

A broad hand rested heavily on his arm, keeping him prone. “Relax, you are safe Will. Not are not crazy, calm yourself,” Hannibal’s reassuring voice said, coming from behind him.

Will threw himself onto his back, trying to bite Hannibal’s hand but not fast enough. Hannibal sat on the bed watching him with an unreadable expression. “What are you doing?”

He asked quietly, voice shaking as he trembled slightly.

“Oxytocin has anti-stress effects, it can reduce cortisol levels and lower your blood pressure,” Hannibal explained. “There are many ways to stimulate the release of the chemical, for example the scent of jasmine and lavender that I sprayed on your pillows, although it is debating how effective aromatherapy is. The most effective way I have found is through sexual stimulation and physical intimacy.”

“Not again,” Will said, sliding his eyes away from Hannibal. “Please.”

He felt Hannibal brush his curls with his lips, the gentle intimacy he craved. He slammed his eyes shut, trying to block out whatever was about to happen to him and ignoring how his body had responded the last time he had been bound by Hannibal. The images still came to him at night and he hated that his dick swelled every time. “No, Will. I won’t touch you that way,” he said, voice low. “Not until trust has been rebuilt,” he said.

“Go ahead,” Will dared. “I will never trust you again, even if you keep me here forever. I’m always going to hate you,” Hannibal sighed and moved Will back to his side.

Hannibal laid on his side behind Will and shuffled closer, wrapping his arms around Will’s body and tucking his knees behind Will, spooning him. Their bodies were touching along the length and Hannibal buried his nose in Will’s curls. He had wanted to relax Will but he felt his own tension bleed away swiftly, his precious boy was a balm to his every wound, physical and otherwise.

Every muscle in Will’s body was tensed but part of him wanted the unfamiliar comfort of being held. A week without his dogs had been hard and a week of no contact with anyone apart from the occasionally mean comment and violence had been harder. He did not want to desire any comfort or affection from Hannibal but now it was forced on him he could feel his resolve crumbling. Will could feel the tension in his back unwind, melting into Hannibal’s chest and the warmth he radiated.

It felt so good to be held closely by gentle arms, restricted as he was; he was forced to trust Hannibal to take care of him. It was worse than sex, more intimate and his heart ached for more, his conscious mind desperate to make it stop. He tensed his muscles, arched his back and pushed his ass backwards against Hannibal’s pelvis. He felt Hannibal’s breathing change,

his body going stiff for a minute then relaxing again. He felt heat bloom in Hannibal's pants, he was growing hard and Will pressed his ass in closer, rocking his hips slightly and faking a soft moan.

Hannibal's nose trailed down his neck, inhaling his scent and kissing the crook of his neck softly. Too much, too innocent, Will needing it to stop. He wanted his mind to be blocked out, wanted it meaningless and detached. Not this, he could take forced sex but not forced affection. His mind ached with confusion, his head spinning and threatening to split apart. He ground his ass against Hannibal's groin, flushing as he felt a hint of arousal warming his blood. He could Hannibal grow harder each second as he continued the subtle movements, encouraging his carnal desires.

Let the monster out. Remind me who you really are.

He heard Hannibal moan, the rough sound somewhere between a purr and a growl. Will's stomach tumbled when a heavy hand landed on his hip, gripping him tightly and holding him still. "Do you want this?" He asked, letting his clothed length brush over the cleft of Will's ass. Will didn't speak, tucking his chin into his chest, voice caught in his throat. "Will, do you want this?" He whispered urgently, fingers pressed against the thick fabric, burning through to Will's skin. "Will?" Almost a plea.

"No," he answered, voice wrecked and almost silent.

Hannibal let out a long, steadying breath, warm air brushing over Will's skin. He let go of his hip, wrapping the arm around Will's middle and returning to his position as the big spoon. Will wiggled again. "Don't," Hannibal said firmly but not fiercely.

Will gazed out of the window, focusing on the raindrops running down the pane, counting his breaths. One… Two… Three… Four… Five… Six… Seven… Eight… Nine… Ten, and then again. He fell into a deep meditative state, his muscles relaxing of their own accord until he melted into the cradle of Hannibal's body, unconsciously matching his breathing.

A feeling of peace swept over him as it became so quiet he imagined he could hear Hannibal's heart beating close to his. Hannibal buried his face in Will's neck, his nose nuzzling the skin and his even breath tickling Will's nerves. He was acutely aware of every sensation in his body and Hannibal's, and it was beautiful.

Will was drifting on the edge of sleep when he felt Hannibal move. His traitorous body let out a small whine of disappointment and Hannibal stopped, leaving only an inch of space between them. “I will stay,” he said, almost cautious. “If you ask me too I will stay with you as long as you wish, my love, you need only ask me. Ask me to stay?” He was almost begging.

“Go,” Will whispered, squeezing the word out through the thick lump in his throat.

He could hear Hannibal release the breath he’d been holding. Hannibal moved closer, his movements predatory though he did not try to move silently. He pressed a gentle kiss to Will’s cheek and stayed close as he undid the buckles on his back. “I hope you feel better,” Will didn’t move as he heard Hannibal pull on his jacket and shoes.

“I do,” he blurted when he heard Hannibal unlock the door.

“Goodnight Will,” he lingered by the door, waiting for a response that didn’t come.

Will heard the door close and the click on the lock. He pulled off the restricting garment and undid the chains on his ankles, standing to stretch his body out. He stared at his reflection in the rain splattered window, the headache that had plagued him all week had finally departed. Generally he felt much better, his stomach was no longer in knots and his muscles felt warm and loose as though he had just had a massage. It was still annoying that Hannibal was always right but he almost smiled at the thought, the familiarity of it all.

His expression suddenly became worried, his brow furrowing as he remembered Hannibal’s description of his symptoms.

You are not sleeping well.

Hannibal often bid him goodnight but then retired to his own room leaving Will to toss and turn until the grey morning light appeared.

You pick at your food whereas before you exhibited a healthy appetite.

Will refused to eat in Hannibal's presence. Petty behaviour but he knew how much Hannibal enjoyed watching him eat and it gave him a sense of power to deny him that pleasure.

When you are alone you are almost always supporting your head as though in pain.

When you are alone.

Hannibal was watching him when he thought he was alone. Will spun round the room, his eyes wide and his heart racing. Hannibal was watching him, watching his sleep, change, watching him peel off his boxers when he had a wet dream about his captor. Were the cameras in the bathroom too? Did Hannibal watch Will touch himself in the shower?

Tears filled his eyes and Will faced the corner of the room as he wiped them away angrily. He was furious, at Hannibal of course, but also at himself. He had given in, allowed Hannibal to provide him with the pleasure hormone and relaxed in his arms. Will almost asked him to stay the night and hold him as he slept, wanting it so badly. It was a tangible, physical ache that went down to his very bones. He accepted his affection and basked in it, feeling valued and cared for. Loved.

Now he knew the truth. Hannibal had hidden cameras in the room and was spying on him. The invasion of his privacy hurt like hell. Every time he allowed himself to feel closer to Hannibal he was reminded that the man was a cold blooded killer who was incapable of love, only possession and manipulation. No matter how he behaved or what he said he was a monster and Will was his prisoner. He walked around the room slowly, examining the walls with his eyes. Wherever the cameras were, they were well hidden. "Fuck you, you bastard," he said clearly, hoping that Hannibal had microphones in here too. He changed under the covers and watched the night sky grow paler outside his window.

He did not sleep at all, convinced that he could feel Hannibal's crimson eyes on his skin, burning their way through to his heart.

Blind Spots

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal negotiate.

Chapter Notes

Lots of chatting in this one but there's still tension.

Will took a deep breath and tried to sink into the quiet of the stream. His skin warmed as though under the sun and he imagined the feel of rushing water around his legs. He let a hand drift to the side as though petting Winston, his heart twitching when the memory didn't quite match reality. Eyes closed, he tried to let the memory take over. When peace began to settle over him and the scene he saw something dark out of the corner of his eyes. The wendigo was watching him, once again. Or what used to be wendigo, now he knew who it was and every single time he saw it, it looked more like Hannibal.

With a huff of annoyance Will opened his eyes and smacked the wall in front of him. His legs were starting to go dead after sitting in the same position for long and his ass was asleep.

Once he realised there were cameras in the room and that he did not know where the blind spots were, if there even were any, he had taken to sitting in the left corner by the bed. He had been changing his clothes under the covers and showering in his boxers but the rest of the time he spent facing the wall in stubborn annoyance trying to go elsewhere in his mind. But Hannibal wouldn't let him, he was spreading through the cracks in his mental forts and forcing a space for himself in the arena of Will's mind.

Hannibal must know that Will was aware of his surveillance, he still brought Will his meals three times a day and usually said goodnight but did not try to force him into a conversation. Will ate his meals in the corner, his plate in his lap and he would not touch the meat.

Will stood, stretching out his stiff body. He located a sketchpad Hannibal had left him and a pen, making bullet points along the side he scribbled a couple of lines before looking around the room.

His face set in grim determination he grabbed a hardback book and began slamming it against the glass of the window. After thirty hits of increasing strength he gave up, the glass was not going to break and he long ago realised he had no way of opening the window. He gripped the curtain rod above his head and leaned back, slowly letting the rod take more of his weight. It bowed slightly but did not break. He released it with a smile and made a note on the paper.

He moved on to the wardrobe next, wrapping scarves around the hooks and pulling as hard as possible. A loose one pulled free, the now exposed screws were short but sharp. Will smiled and placed the hook on the desk marking two more lines on the list.

The bed was high and Will was forced to climb onto a chair to grab the top beams of the metal frame. It was thin but when Will raised his feet it held his weight easily. He jumped down to the floor and scribbled his findings down.

He moved into the bathroom and nearly broke the shower cord that clearly could not hold his wiry frame. However it turned out it was very easy to block the drainage on the bathtub and sink. Hannibal arrived with dinner as he was writing on the list.

"Good evening Will," he greeted warmly. "Would you like to tell me what you are doing?" He asked. So he'd been watching. He placed a delicious smelling bowl of stew on the table and took a seat. Will's traitorous stomach rumbled at the scent of various spices and creamy coconut. Hannibal noticed and smiled minutely. "Spicy vegetable stew with coconut. Meat-free."

Will did not answer, instead wrapping a towel around his hand and punching the full length mirror on the wall which cracked slightly but did not shatter. He repeated the action on the bathroom mirror above the sink which proved to be tougher.

"A few blows and it will probably break," Hannibal observed from his seat. Will made a note on the paper and took a seat opposite Hannibal, pointedly not eating but regarding him with

an icy gaze. "You have been experimenting," he observed. "May I know why?" Will did not answer but added a few lines to his notes and pushed the paper towards Hannibal.

Hannibal calmly read the list aloud without infection. "Walls, head injury. Curtain rod, possibly hanging. Wardrobe hooks, hanging. Broken wardrobe hook, stabbed artery. Bed frame, hanging. Bath, drowning. Sink, drowning. Mirrors, slit wrists. Starvation," he paused for a moment before finishing. "Hannibal, question mark."

"I don't intend to stay here," Will said eventually.

"This performance I'd beneath you, Will. You are stronger than you think, far too strong for suicide. However, this behaviour does neatly lead to the subject I wish to talk to you about," he said, removing a black box from his pocket and placing it on the table between them. "I would like you to wear this please."

Will opened the box to find an expensive smartwatch with a heart rate monitor. "It's not a performance and no," he responded, snapping the box shut.

"Not to your taste?" Hannibal asked. "If it is a matter of aesthetics I can order a different strap," Will ignored him and the tempting meal. "You are unhappy about the cameras," he stated. Will's gaze became even colder and his throat flushed but he did not speak. "There are several blind spots. Would you like to know where, so you can change in privacy?"

"Yes," Will answered in a clipped tone.

"I have some requirements," Hannibal said firmly, pushing the books closer.

"Why a watch?" Will asked, he wanted to know the blind spots but it wasn't in him to give in easily. He had done that too many times already but he was far from giving up.

"It monitors your heart rate and will send me an alert if it becomes worryingly high or low," Hannibal explained. "I need to know if you are in need of medication attention."

"I'm never in need of your attention," Will spat.

"For my peace of mind then," Hannibal countered, glancing at Will's suicide list.

The thought had crossed Will's mind once or twice, he did not mean it. But he was unsure how long his strength would hold out, and he wanted to prove to Hannibal he would rather die than be with him. He reached for the strap and put it on with a face like thunder. "Thank you, Will."

"The blind spots," he demanded.

"Two more," Hannibal said. Will seriously debated attacking him but more often than not it ended with Hannibal restraining him in a close embrace. He almost snarled but bit his tongue. "You refuse to eat meat."

"With good reason," Will snapped.

"I give you my word that any meat I prepare you will not be human. I am aware that the taboo can be difficult to acclimatise to," he said, as mildly as though they were discussing the weather rather than the ethics of cannibalism.

"I don't trust your word."

Hannibal tilted his head with a small frown. "Why not?" Will scoffed, turning to face the window. "I did not lie to you Will."

"Your requirements," Will prompted sarcastically.

"I want you to eat five meat portions a week," Hannibal said.

"No."

"I would prefer one a day but five will satisfy for now," Hannibal said.

"Or I could stop eating altogether," Will said, nudging his meal towards the edge of the table but not quite off the edge.

"I do not wish to force feed you," Hannibal said softly, a warning.

"You can't make me eat," Will accused.

"We both know I can, drugs, a feeding tube, hypnosis," Hannibal answered. "I could even force you to indulge in my diet as clearly that is where your tastes lie."

"Four meat dishes and one fish," Will countered.

"Four meat, two fish," Hannibal stated firmly. "Protein is important.

Will nodded shortly. "And your last requirement?"

"A meal together once a week. Main course, dessert and a nightcap," Hannibal said with a smile

Will sighed heavily. "Why?" He asked eventually.

Hannibal considered him for a long moment, his intense gaze warning his entire body. "I have always been honest with you, Will. You know me, you know who I am."

"I do now," Will agreed.

"Before… when you were mostly unaware. Did you have feelings for me?" Hannibal asked softly.

"I'm straight," Will replied instantly.

"That is not what I asked," Hannibal said calmly. "How did you feel about me when we celebrated together?"

"I thought you were my friend," Will muttered.

"I am your friend Will, whether you accept my friendship or not," Hannibal said. "Be honest please, was friendship all you felt?"

Will fixed his eyes to the floor, refusing to answer. Hannibal stayed silent, watching him and waiting, the tension in the room growing thicker with each second. When he felt he could no longer breath Will squeezed his eyes shut and shook his head. "Thank you for your honesty my dear."

"I did feel something but not anymore," Will said darkly. "Do you understand captor bonding?"

"Yes, it is an interesting situation," Hannibal said.

"It's a defence mechanism. That's all, it's not love," Will said. "I trusted you, more than Jack or Alana, more than anything. I could never feel anything but betrayal and hurt. Even if you keep me here for the rest of my life."

"Will," Hannibal placed his hand over Will's, tightening his grip when Will tried to snatch it away. "Oh my darling, I confessed to you because I wanted to avoid hurting you in this way. I promise you I am the same person you choose to trust and as angry as you are you will come to see that."

"By having weekly dinner?" Will asked.

"You feel you do not know me anymore," Hannibal stated.

"I don't," Will answered.

"Then why not begin afresh, get to know each other with no secrets?" He pressed.

Will managed to break Hannibal's grip, taking his hand back. "If I agree, you'll show me the blind spots?" He checked.

"Yes Will," he answered.

"I want an hour every day," he said. "Ten to eleven at night, no camera. One dinner a week, one course and a nightcap, no dessert."

"That is fair," Hannibal agreed, a pleased smile playing on his lips. "If your heart rate becomes erratic or I hear something troubling I will turn them back on, is that agreeable to you?"

"Deal."

"Terrific," looking very pleased Hannibal vanished from the room for a moment, returning with a tablet and a tray containing a second bowl of stew and a bottle of wine. He tapped the tablet screen a few times before presenting the screen to Will.

The live camera feed was crystal clear and in full colour, not the grainy security footage Will has expected. His face went pink at how clearly Hannibal must have seen him, a mix of embarrassment and fury, his stomach curling a little in excitement of being covertly watched that way. Will picked up the tablet and walked around the room. There were about two feet on the right side of the room where he was not visible and with the wardrobe door open he would also be blocked from view. There was a camera in the bathroom but thankfully the toilet was completely off screen. It looked as though the camera was placed in the mirror so it was entirely possible for Will to shower without being observed as long as he removed his clothes once in the tub. He returned to the small seating area to uphold his end of the deal

"Are you satisfied?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes," Will said.

"I know you are having trouble believing me at the moment but I did not watch you undress. My concern was for your safety," Hannibal said.

"It wasn't just undressing I was concerned about," Will muttered.

"I wished to be sure you were eating properly and not flushing meals down the toilet," Hannibal elaborated.

"It was on the list," Will admitted.

"Part of your starvation plan?"

"No, the last one," Will said, finally taking a bite of us stew and biting back a moan at the heavenly tastes mixing on his tongue.

"It would not work," Hannibal said bluntly. "I will not be your executioner," Will shrugged. "I suppose words prove nothing, eventually you will see that I am sincere in my promises as well as my feelings for you."

"What do you believe you feel for me?" Will asked cautiously.

Hannibal paused and placed his cutlery down, focusing his attention solely on Will. "I love you."

Will swallowed heavily before speaking again. "Love or obsession?"

"Are the two mutually exclusive?" Hannibal asked with a hint of amusement. "Love is a difficult emotion to effectively define but I am certain of my feelings for you."

Will continued eating, acutely aware of how intently Hannibal was watching his lips move when he ate and how his breathing changed when Will licked his lips.

"How do you choose them?" He blurted eventually, needing to break the silence. When Hannibal did not answer immediately Will felt himself start to babble. "Garret Jacob Hobbs had a reason for the girls he killed, most serial killers have a type, something the victims share but the only way of identifying… yours… is the pageantry. It's never random… rarely random."

"Do you want to know if I choose the worst of society, paedophiles, rapists?" Hannibal asked.

"Cassie Boyle was innocent. We looked into her, there was no-one who had a reason to harm her. She never even stole a candy bar or cheated on a boyfriend," Will said.

"Cassie Boyle was collateral damage," Hannibal said easily. “You needed to witness my display to see his face."

"Do not blame me for that," Will snarled.

"I don't," Hannibal said. "I made the choice to display her for you because I wanted to help you. I am the only one responsible for the things I have done."

"So how do you choose your victims?" Will asked again, curiosity tickling the back of his neck. "I know it's not because they deserve it."

"No?"

"No-one deserves to die that way," Will answered.

"Will, look at me," Hannibal said, his voice was quiet but cracked like a whip and his eyes almost glowed with fire. "I can assure you that some I killed deserved that and much worse," the demon wendigo loomed over him for a moment before calm slid over his features. "I have a rolodex."

"A rolodex?" Will repeated in surprise.

"Yes. When I witness or experience rudeness, a homophobe or a man screaming at a waitress, I request the offending person's card and put it into my rolodex. When I require ingredients or am planning a dinner party I select a victim," he explained. "Occasionally I will add a note if there is something important to recall, evidence of damaged organs or drug use. Most cards will remain there for a couple of years at least. A chance meeting two years ago is never investigated," he smiled, pleased with his system.

"You never asked for my card," Will pointed out.

Hannibal let out a soft chuckle. "Yes you were terribly rude," he gave Will a warm smile. "My affection for you has proved most inconvenient at times."

"Jack? Chilton? I've seen them both be rude," Will pushed. "Did you take their cards?"

"I did consider Jack but when I became your unofficial therapist it meant frequent contact with Jack and thus a connection were he to turn up with pieces missing. I can contain myself if I must," he said with a smile, as though proud of his restraint. "Jack's treatment of you has, at times, been abominable but he is not a bad person and I do admire his Bella, she needs him. Chilton is another matter. Killing him would be a risk though one day it may prove worth it," he said, face twisting in distaste. "You must have wished to end him once or twice."

"Not end him," Will said, squirming a little.

"Really?" Hannibal asked, one eyebrow raised in question.

"Punch him," Will admitted.

"I would opt to take his roving eyes or slimy hands. I can't imagine why you would hold back," Hannibal observed.

"I've never experienced his slimy hands," Will commented. "Alana has been careful not to leave me alone with him, if she had…"

Hannibal laughed openly at that. "I think a black eye might improve his appearance."

"The ones that deserved it," Will started, playing with his food.

"I would rather not discuss that," Hannibal said firmly. "Please respect that."

"Fuck you!" Will spat suddenly before finishing the rest of his meal in three fast bites. He reached for the wine bottle and drained the glass as quickly as he could manage. "Dinner and a drink, now leave."

"You are angry with me," Hannibal said calmly.

"You have made me your prisoner, drugged me, assaulted me, forced into s straight jacket, spied on me and even now you have used threats and manipulation so you can make me play along with your delusion of some fucked up kind of relationship but you ask me to respect what you don't feel like discussing!" Will exhaled shakily. "Get out."

Hannibal calmly finished his meal and poured himself a glass of wine. "That is fair. The men I refer to murdered my little sister and desecrated her remains. She was all I had in the world, I adored her and when the opportunity came to take revenge on her killers I seized it eagerly," he said simply. "I feel no remorse."

"Hannibal… I-I didn't know… I'm sorry," he fell silent.

"How could you?" Hannibal said smoothly. If he was offended he did not show it. "Would you like details?" He asked. His body remained stiff even when he stood up, stretching out his long body. His face remained serene but the grip on his wine glass was tight.

"No," Will said, reluctantly feeling shame though his logical mind told him he still had the ethical high ground.

"It's been forty-two years," Hannibal said distantly.

Will couldn't help the question under his tongue. "Did it bring you peace? They say revenge never does but most people don't get the opportunity to go that far. Did it make it less painful?"

"An interesting question," Hannibal said thoughtfully. "No I would not say it brought me peace and it has never stopped hurting," he answered eventually. He seated himself next to Will who immediately scooted down the small sofa on instinct. "But it did bring me joy," he said honestly. "The world is a better place without them but I did it for myself, not for anyone else or a greater good."

Will nodded. He understood, though it shamed him to admit it. These monsters were nothing to feel bad about, he reminded himself that Hannibal had killed several innocents for the crime of rudeness. But it did make sense, precious few were born evil, it was thrust upon them by a traumatic past, sometimes just one event could change their path forever. "Nothing happened to me, Will," Hannibal continued. "I happened. I do not claim that everything was the fault of those men or that my life would be different had I not lost my Misha, though no doubt it would be better," he relaxed slightly. When he turned to look at Will the vulnerability in his eyes took the younger man's breath away, he wash caught in the swirling depths and did not immediately recoil when Hannibal took his hand. "It is difficult for me to talk about but I want you to know me and I have no right to ask for honesty from you without offering it myself."

Will did not trust himself to speak. He understood Stockholm Syndrome, it began with feeling sympathy for his captor. It did not justify Hannibal's actions, even he admitted that, but Will found the fact that he had taken his revenge inspiring, appealing.

Gods help him he still felt a tug to Hannibal, desired him despite everything. Even now warmth emanated from his hand, covered by Hannibal's. Sparks danced under the skin and he could not force himself to look away from Hannibal's face, mouth going dry when he took a sip of his wine, his tongue darting out to catch a stray drop.

Hannibal held his gaze as he silently placed his glass on the table. Will felt frozen as he moved in closer, slow, giving Will every opportunity to bolt. The scent of dark berries and an undercurrent of vanilla washed over his cheek, Hannibal's warm breath mingling with the taste of zinfandel. His eyes drifted close and his lips parted as Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will’s light frame, hugging him tightly and hiding his face in Will's neck. Will's body moved forward involuntarily and he had to clench his hands into fist to keep from returning the embrace, his empathy surging and feeding him the pain of Hannibal's past, his need for comfort.

After a few seconds Hannibal loosened his grip and raised his face. He was still too close, the heat of him engulfing Will completely. His face lingered an inch away from Will's, eyes focused on his parted lips. He slipped a finger below Will's chin and pressed his lips to Will's, light and gentle and so sweet a sound of longing passing between them.

It took a second for Will to react before he drew back so violently he almost fell to the floor. He shoved Hannibal away and punched him in the nose, satisfied when he saw a flash of

blood before it was covered by Hannibal's pocket handkerchief.

"That was ungentlemanly," he admitted after a moment, even managing to sound slightly contrite.

"Leave please," Will croaked, his voice a hoarse whisper.

Hannibal nodded and stood, gathering the empty plates and used cutlery. "Thank you for dinner Will. I will bring you the instruction booklet for your watch tomorrow, it has several unnecessary features that may entertain you. Luckily you are one of the few intelligent enough to understand how to work it."

Will sat silently for several minutes, listening to Hannibal depart, before throwing himself on the bed, fingers on his soft lips. He was an odd mix of exhausted and wired, he was furious at Hannibal but his lips were vibrating pleasantly.

Not so long ago he would say he was sure Hannibal was not lying but now he couldn’t be sure of anything. His heart told him everything Hannibal said was true, that he did at least believe that he loved Will and that the hug was not a manipulation but a need for comfort in face of a traumatic memory. He could feel Hannibal's pain through his unique abilities and the overwhelming feelings made his heart ache in answer.

Then Hannibal kissed him. He took advantage of his sympathy and Will hated that it surprised him and that he had wanted to give in yet again. When he was alone stewing in his room it was easy to hate Hannibal and swear that he would never speak to him or fall for his tricks but then Hannibal spoke to him and stared at him so intently that Will felt his resolve crumble. He wanted to give up and accept the tainted happiness Hannibal promised, drink it in until it poisoned him.

Despite everything he felt himself growing closer to Hannibal, perhaps because he was finally seeing him fully or maybe the loneliness was getting to him. He found himself wanting to know more about Hannibal's past, to understand him. Was the monster his true self or the man? Could he really be both, someone capable of balancing both and finding fulfilment that way? Could Will?

Will glanced at the glowing numbers on his wrist, waiting for the number to change to ten. He breathed a sigh of relief when they did, feeling a wave of peace come over him. Touching his lips once more he made his way into the bathroom, dropping his clothes before stepping into the shower. He washed quickly with one eye on the watch, his nerves were still humming under his skin no matter how much he scrubbed. Turning the water to lukewarm he closed his eyes facing the spray and tried to calm his mind, imagining the falling water was sweet rain. After a few moments he felt his exhaustion outweigh his exhilaration and longed for sleep.

He dried off roughly and stuffed some loose pyjamas under his pillow. The soft sheets felt good against his bare skin and he wanted to take the opportunity to sleep nude without having to expose himself on waking.

Sleep was hard to find, as always, his mind replaying the conversation with Hannibal, the conviction when he professed his love. Hannibal had killed for him and while the knowledge didn't thrill him it also didn't sicken him as it should. His hand wandered down his body, he wasn't aroused but it was a habit to jerk himself off in hopes of ushering in sleep. He checked the time, thirty minutes before the cameras turned back on.

Will lapped at his palm before wrapping his fingers around the base of his penis with a sigh of relief. After just a few days without any tension release he thickened instantly. The glide of his hand wasn't as smooth as he'd like but he refused to break the seal on the bottle of lubricant Hannibal had helpfully left in his bedside drawer. He closed his eyes and tried to call forth a fantasy or memory to speed things along. A flirty skirt of Alana's that flashed a little extra thigh or the absolutely sinful backless dress Beverley wore when she dragged him on a work outing to a bar. Every mental image was interrupted by crimson eyes and a smokey accepted voice whispering praises.

Y*es darling, my wonderful precious boy. So good for me, so beautiful.*

Perfect, Will, you are a wonder.

Hush, relax darling, I have you.

Will’s eyes snapped open and he stared at the silhouette of branches outside. The voices persisted at his hand moved faster and rougher. His free hand moving to tug at his curls as he remembered the taste of wine on Hannibal's lips and the musky taste of his seed. Pre-cum

beaded at the tip of his shaft, easing his way and pushing him closer to completion. He licked his dry lips, so near to the peak of pleasure.

I love you.

With a soft moan he came over his hands, quickly cleaning himself up and flushing the soiled tissues away. He was hidden beneath the thick duvet by the time his watch glowed eleven. His eyes were growing heavy with exhaustion as his muscles unwound. He faced the sliver of light that spilled from under the door. He quietly spoke into the dark.

"Goodnight Zoe. Goodnight Max. Goodnight Buster. Goodnight Jack. Goodnight Heidee. Goodnight Ellie. Goodnight Winston."

Where were his dogs he hoped they were okay and not too worried about their master's sudden absence. A shadow shifted under his door and heard something touch the wood from the other side.

"Goodnight Will."

He held perfectly still as the shadow moved away and he heard a door close nearby.

"Goodnight Hannibal."

Pity

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is disturbed by memories from long ago and reaches out to Will.

Chapter Notes

This is a sad one but they are moving closer.

“Hanni!” Hannibal couldn't move, couldn't even release the scream that was blocking his throat. His eyes burned as he fought not to cry from fear and shame at his own pathetic weakness. His eyes were on Mischa as special guided outside into the snow.

The cold surrounding him seeped through his skin and into his bones, chilling his blood until all he felt was the freezing agony. His insides were stabbed with icicles and he would never be warm again.

The air smelled of hunger, aching starvation, desperation and sick excitement. His empty stomach lurched as he swallowed a heavy sob. He couldn't cry, he needed to fight.

He bit into the arm restraining him and tasted bitter cold flesh before hot blood flooded his mouth. He swallowed and let it fuel his struggles, getting free for half a second before being snatched back and lifted off his feet as though he weighed nothing. His skinny, malnourished body as light as air.

Harsh voices echoed around him, their laughter, the high pitched sing-song a cruel mockery. The song filled his head, burying itself in his subconscious, waiting to torture him for the rest of his days, penance.

“Ein Männlein steht im Walde ganz still und stumm,

Es hat von lauter Purpur ein Mäntlein um.

Sagt, wer mag das Männlein sein,

Das da steht im Wald allein

Mit dem purpurroten Mäntelein.

Das Männlein steht im Walde auf einem Bein

Und hat auf seinem Haupte schwarz Käpplein klein,

Sagt, wer mag das Männlein sein,

Das da steht im Wald allein

Mit dem kleinen schwarzen Käppelein?"

"Hanni!" Mischa was calling for him. Her big blue eyes were pleading with him, full of fear, and he prayed she was too small to understand what was happening. He kicked and scratched fighting to save her though he knew he couldn't. He always failed her.

She was pulled further away, out of his sight and he heard an animalistic howl of pain and loss before pain exploded in his head and blackness took over him.

Through the thick suffocating blanket he tasted something, it was warm and thick and the best thing he had ever tasted. He opened his mouth and blindly reached for more.

Hannibal woke with a start, tangled in his sheets, coated in sweat and absolutely terrified. He turned on the bedside lamp and curled up in a shaking ball. Tears streamed down his face as he tried to slow his breath and push down the surging nausea.

The dreams never left him for more than a few months at a time. They were always identical, the memory so horrific it didn't require any embellishment. Mischa died cold and afraid because he couldn't protect her and he had betrayed her memory before he was even conscious. In this moment he felt like a monster.

Hannibal knew he'd never get back to sleep and loneliness and heartache clawed at his gut. He towelled himself off and changed into a fresh pair of pyjamas just to have something to do with himself.

He turned on his tablet, checking in on Will. He was sleeping peacefully just across the hall and the sight of him was soothing. The whole reason Hannibal was in the top floor room rather than his own carefully decorated master bedroom was because it was close to Will.

Now that he was sleeping properly and not shaking away several times a night Will was a very deep sleeper. Hannibal stared at him but the song kept replaying in his mind.

Hannibal left his room, his bare feet silent on the plush carpet. He slipped into Will’s room, the click of the door a whisper in the darkness. Will's slow deep breathing was incredibly comforting and Hannibal settled himself in a chair, matching his breathing to Will's. He smiled when he noticed that while he was wearing navy, Will was in baby blue. The symmetry was pleasing even though he knew it was an accident.

Will slept on his back, one arm slung out across the empty pillow beside him and the other hand resting on his firm stomach. He looked warm and welcoming and so peaceful. He hadn't so much as stirred when Hannibal had entered the room. Hannibal still felt cold and weak and needy.

He let that need control him and silently climbed into bed next to Will. He just wanted to be close to his warmth and the wonderful way he smelt. Will looked gorgeous in the low grey light and Hannibal remembered how good it felt to hold Will in his arms. He inched closer, watching Will for any indication he was about to wake up.

Will continued to sleep soundly even when Hannibal brushed against his side. He jostled the bed slightly and Will's arm slipped, his hand landing loosely on Hannibal's back. With careful movements Hannibal adjusted his position until Will's arm was almost wrapped around him, an illusion but enough to feel. He reached for Will's free hand, entwined their fingers loosely and when he still got no reaction he recklessly pressed his ear to Will's heart. For a few seconds he was in Will's arms and it was perfect.

His icy feet brushed against Will's and he felt Will start to wake-up. “Hannibal?” He murmured, eyes blinking open.

“A dream, go back to sleep,” he said softly, not daring to move.

Will suddenly sat upright, shoving Hannibal away. He swung for him but he was disoriented and didn't make contact. “What the fuck are you doing?” He shouted, flicking on the bedside lamp.

“Nothing untoward I promise you,” Hannibal responded, raising his hands.

“You are in my bed, that's enough,” he spat. “How often do you do this?” He asked, eyes turning round. “Seriously Hannibal what have you done to me?”

“I have never inappropriately touched you while you have been sleeping and this is the first time I have done this, there were circumstances,” he explained.

“Circumstances?”

“I had a bad dream, a memory, I only meant to watch you but… a moment of weakness. I did not mean to scare you,” he answered. “Please, let me stay?” He asked quietly.

“You are fucking insane!” Will snapped, still assuring himself he was fully dressed.

“I'll be gone by dawn I swear, long before you wake up,” he said. “Please, just let me rest for a while. I won't lay a hand on you,” he pleaded, voice hoarse.

“Do not be here when I wake up,” he ordered before standing. He stormed to the wardrobe, dragging out spare pillows and thick blankets. Muttering angrily he built a wall down the centre of the bed before turning off the light and returning to bed, fabric blocking his body from Hannibal's. With a sigh he placed his hand on the wall, palm open.

Hannibal tentatively placed his hands in Will's, feeling a swell of gratitude. “Thank you Will,” he answered.

“Just leave at dawn,” he said roughly.

Hannibal nodded and shuffled in close to the centre where he could almost smell Will, he was close enough to chase the nightmares away. Will was exhausted and that was the only reason he was giving in, but Hannibal would be satisfied with whatever he could get, for now.

“We're not friends,” Will said firmly. “You need to understand, this isn't affection or lo… anything like that,” he finished.

“No?” Hannibal asked, holding his breath. “What is it?” Anything that made Will let him in, just a little, needed to be recreated.

“Pity.”

Hannibal placed his other hand under Will's, cupping it in both his hands. He closed his eyes and feigned sleep until Will's breathing evened out.

Pity.

Pity: sympathetic or kindly sorrow evoked by the suffering, distress, or misfortune of another, often leading one to give relief or aid or to show mercy.

Compassion. Kindness. Mercy. Tenderness. Warmth.

Hannibal could accept Will’s pity, bask in it. Even if he continued to deny it, Hannibal now knew for certain, Will felt for him. It was a start.

There were no more nightmares that night.

Nightmare

Chapter Summary

Will has a nightmare, and he makes Hannibal suffer for it.

Chapter Notes

This one got away from me but I liked the outcome.

Hannibal woke up a few moments before dawn, his hand still in Will's. He was reluctant to leave and lay still in the growing light, listening to Will sleep. The makeshift barrier had shifted in the night, far enough that Hannibal could see the lower half of his profile. His eyes were still blocked from view but his fine nose and parted lips were clear. Will's breathing was soft and steady and his lips moved, shaping words that were too quiet for Hannibal to hear. He continued watching him sleep, smiling when Will's mouth twitched into a smile. What was he dreaming of? “Winston…” his beloved pack, what else.

The room grew brighter much faster than Hannibal would have liked and when Will showed signs of stirring he slipped away before he could wake up.

Hannibal was in a glorious mood, Will's presence had chased away his nightmares with ease and he felt like he'd slept for a week. He was craving something sweet for breakfast, it seemed Will's sweet tooth was rubbing off on him. He was humming happily while preparing warm vanilla porridge topped with cinnamon and apple drizzled in maple syrup. He brewed a pot of fragrant herbal tea and took the tray upstairs.

Will was awake when Hannibal knocked on his door. He grabbed his thick dressing gown and threw the duvet over the messy pile of pillows. “Come in.”

Hannibal beamed when he saw Will, his hair mussed and face flushed. “Good morning,” he said pleasantly, setting the tray on Will's table. “Porridge with apple and cinnamon,” he announced, laying the table. “Did you sleep well?” He asked when Will joined him at the table.

“Yes, thank you,” Will answered. His face was guarded and he kept his eyes down.

“I wanted to thank you,” he began. Will looked up then, meeting his eyes with no hesitation. He shook his head, a short movement but the meaning clear. Will was not willing to

acknowledge or discuss what happened last night. Hannibal gave an indulgent nod and let the subject drop, his good mood dampening a little. “Enjoy your breakfast.”

Will moved his spoon through the food as though examining it. “Smells good,” he acknowledged.

“Are you looking for something?” Hannibal asked, curiously.

“The wolf fed little red riding hood porridge with the grandmother's blood mixed in,” Will said, finally taking a bite, satisfied the food was untainted.

“You still believe that you cannot trust me,” Hannibal observed, having the gall to actually look hurt. “I am not trying to trick you into cannibalising your elderly relatives or anyone else,” he answered.

“Not yet,” Will challenged.

“I'm not sure I understand your concerns,” Hannibal said. “I did promise not to feed you human meat against your will and I do not recall putting a time frame on that.”

“You're doing this because you think I'll eventually ‘get over’ the months of lying and manipulation,” Will said, tongue dripping with acid. “But I do believe that you think you are doing the right thing.”

“That is correct,” Hannibal said.

“So what happens when you decide that slipping bodily fluids into my food is the right thing?” Will asked.

“Trust will take time,” Hannibal said serenely. “We have plenty of that.”

Will finished his breakfast in silence before curling up in an armchair with a book, pointedly ignoring Hannibal. Hannibal lingered, finishing his meal and watching Will. Three steps forward, two back. His fighting was frustrating but beautiful and Hannibal couldn't help but be proud of his boy's strength. Progress was slow but they were moving closer so Hannibal was satisfied, mostly.

He poured the tea into a delicate china teacup decorated with playful spaniels and added two teaspoons of thick honey, the way Will took it. He placed the cup on the table by Will’s side along with the teapot. “Stay hydrated Will,” he recommended before heading to the door.

“Yes dear” Will sneered without looking up.

He kept up the silent treatment for the entire day, to the point that Hannibal chose to eat his dinner alone after serving Will. The coldness radiating from him was oddly draining.

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Hannibal was woken around one am by the vibrating heart monitor on his wrist. He peered at the numbers in the dark, Will’s heart rate had skyrocketed. He reached for the ipad to check

on Will when he heard a long loud scream of terror.

He raced into Will’s room in just his boxers, terrified of what he would find.

Will was spread eagle on his back, every single muscle tense and his body coated with a thin sheet of sweat, sheets tossed away. His eyes were tightly shut and tears coated his red cheeks. His chest was heaving and after a few broken gasps he screamed again, body jerking. Whatever he was dreaming of had him absolutely terrified.

“Will,” he settled next to him on the bed, smoothing his hair from his burning brow. “Shush, just a bad dream Will,” he continued to cry, completely unaware of Hannibal's presence. “Will, you need to wake up,” he said more firmly. “Listen to my voice, come back to me beloved,” he pressed his lips to Will's forehead and his eyelids began to flutter. “You are safe, darling, wake up.”

“H-Hannibal?” He whined, eyes opening as he looked around in confusion. When his gaze focused on Hannibal he sat up, throwing himself into Hannibal's arms, trembling violently and clinging to him in tears. “I-I… can't. Tried to stop them… c-couldn't,” he stammered weakly.

“You're okay Will,” Hannibal assured him, stroking his back and gently kissing his temple. “Everything is alright, you are safe,” he promised. Will drew back, drawing in deep breaths with his eyes still wide with fear.

He moved to sit on the edge of the bed, suddenly bolting to the open door and into the hallway, yelling in frustration when he found the door to the stairs also locked. He whirled around and tried to dart into another room, howling like a wild thing when Hannibal calmly lifted him off his feet and carried him back to the room, kicking the door shut before placing Will on the bed. “No!” Will hollered, throwing himself at the locked door and sliding down the wall to sob thickly. “Please, I can't be here. You have to let me go please,” he begged, scratching at the wood like an animal.

Hannibal crouched next to him and lifted his trembling body from the ground, settling on the rocking chair with Will on his lap. They were both in nothing but boxers but in Will's confusion he wrapped his arms around Hannibal's neck, crying onto his chest. “I don't want to die here,” he mumbled against his chest.

“I would never allow that,” Hannibal assured him, running his hand over his back. “You know I will always protect you. No matter how angry you are with me, you know that.”

“You can't… they… please, I'm so scared,” he cried, digging his fingers into Hannibal's shoulders.

“Shush love, you are safe,” he brushed the fresh tears from Will's glowing cheeks. “I need you to tell me about your nightmare, please,” Will shook his head, hiding his face in Hannibal's neck. “If you tell me I can help you,” he said, holding Will close.

Will's sniffled and took a deep breath. “They found out,” he said eventually. “Jack came with a whole squad and I could hear it all. I was shouting but no-one could hear me, they didn't

know to look for me," Hannibal continued stroking his skin, waiting for him to continue. "There was shouting and gunshots and I heard them move outside. I could see them dragging you outside, there was so much blood and you could barely walk. It was a whole mob. Not just Jack and officers but Alana, Tobias, Franklyn, Abigail and her father. People you killed. Even people killed by others before you were even born, so many people and all of them shouting and screaming. I was banging on the windows but no-one was looking, all those people but they were all looking at you and I couldn't break the glass," he sucked in a shuddering breath before speaking again. "They killed you," he almost whispered. Hannibal hid a smile in his curls and stopped himself from reminding Will that not so long ago that would have made him happy. "Lynched you, right outside my window and then just left. You died looking at me and I was left all alone and locked in here," he dissolved into tears again.

"Sweetheart," Hannibal murmured, tucking Will tight into his body. "They will not find out, I am even more careful now I must care for you. I promise I will always be here to keep you safe."

"If Jack figures it out you'll be shot on sight, even unarmed" Will said. He wanted to reject Hannibal's comforting embrace, shove him away with a snarl. But he was so tired and confused he did the opposite and instead curled up against Hannibal's chest, listening to his steady heart beat.

"Without you he doesn't stand a chance," Hannibal assured him.

"A car accident, a heart attack, if something happens to you… It scares me, thinking you won't ever come back to me," he confessed, eyes downcast.

"I suppose your concerns are valid," Hannibal admitted. "I can put a timer on the locks," he proposed. "If it ever goes more than thirty-two hours without the code being entered they will automatically open. Will that help you feel safer?"

"I don't want to be here. I won't tell anyone I promise," his eyes were gleaming with unshed tears when he looked up into Hannibal's eyes. He was so beautiful Hannibal could feel his resolve weakening. "Please," he bit his lips nervously before surging forward and kissing Hannibal.

It was a desperate attempt at manipulation but Hannibal responded instantly, melting against Will and weaving a hand into his curls, moaning at the taste of tears on Will's lips. Hannibal drew back first, tenderly cupping Will's cheek and pressing their foreheads together. "You should try to rest some more," he said eventually.

"I can't sleep," Will answered, his body sagging with exhaustion.

"Then just rest," Hannibal said, carrying Will to the bed and pulling the covers over him. "Would you like me to stay with you?"
He tried to keep his voice neutral but couldn't hide the glimmer of hope that bled through.

"This is your fault," Will spat, turning away from Hannibal. "Yes," he added in a hoarse whisper.

Hannibal slid into the bed behind Will, placing a hand on his shoulder relieved when his shaking subsided.

After a few seconds Will let out a dry sob. With gentle movements Hannibal turned his body, letting Will press his face to his chest. “It's not fair. I hate you,” he cried, letting Hannibal comfort him. The confusion made his mind feel like it was being torn apart.

“Are you happy now?” He asked after his tears dried, voice bitter.

“I don't find joy in your suffering Will,” Hannibal assured him, still caressing him back even though his breathing had returned to normal.

“You don't want me to have anything in my life that isn't you,” Will stated clearly. “You took me from my home, my job, my colleagues. I wear the clothes you put in my wardrobe, sleep where you want, eat what you bring me. I live how you decide for as long as you decide. The only human contact I have is you, any comfort I need comes from you which is incredibly fucked up. I don't even have my dogs,” he said mournfully. Hannibal felt Will's hand slide down over his stomach, stopping at the waistband of his silk boxers. “How long?” He wondered aloud, fingers, drawing patterns on the skin of Hannibal's hips. “How long until you fit me with a chastity belt so the only relief I get is from you?”

“I will not do that to you Will. I do want you, more than you know, and I have since the moment I met you,” he said honestly. “I will not try to force you into anything, not again. I intend to wait until you say yes of your own free will. Real consent, not simply not a no. Then I will enjoy making love to you and praising you the entire time,” he promised, burying his face in Will's soft curls.

“I could say yes,” Will said, voice low and velvety soft. “Spread my legs wide for you and beg for your touch. I could wrap my arms around your body and hold you close as you move inside me and make me tremble with pleasure. I could tell you everything you want to hear, that I choose you, that I'll always choose you over everything else and I'll never tell because I couldn't bear to be parted from you. I want to be with you always, only ever yours. Once we are both exhausted and satisfied and I can feel you softening but still inside me that's when I'll finally say it, want to say it, what you are dying to hear,” he raised his mouth to Hannibal's ear. “I love you,” Hannibal shuddered as his eyes fluttered shut, tightening his hold on Will and breathing hard. “Is that what you want Hannibal?” He purred, arching his back.

“Gods yes Will,” he drew in a shaking breath before meeting Will's wild glowing eyes. “But only if you mean it.”

Will's wide grin was almost frightening in the low light. “Then I guess neither of us can have what we want.”

He turned his back to Hannibal, feeling cleansed of his inner poison. “Your torment is cruel,” Hannibal spoke to his back, a single tear travelling the contours of his face.

“Good,” Will replied shortly, his tone devoid of any emotion. “You deserve to suffer.”

Will fell asleep surprisingly easily after that and didn't stir when Hannibal spooned him from behind. Hannibal's heart felt bruised as he lay awake listening to Will's breathing, his pants tight around his aching member. When the sun peeked over the horizon he stole back to his own bed, desperately masturbating to a beautiful fantasy.

No Touching

Chapter Summary

Will begins to torment Hannibal making such he knows he cannot touch.

Chapter Notes

Will's being a little shit but you know Hannibal deserves it.

Will was surprised by how well he slept. He briefly woke when he felt Hannibal leave, he was too tired to worry about the twinge of disappointment he felt but rolled into the warmth he'd left and fell back asleep. If he dreamed at all he did not remember them.

Will was getting used to waking up without a racing heart or drenched in sweat. It was unfamiliar but nice to wake up feeling rested. The rest has rekindled his resentment towards Hannibal. It burned in his gut and he wanted to hurt him more. He was also rock hard and he hated Hannibal for that too. His traitorous body still reacted to him. Will's vicious need to deny Hannibal any affection or even friendship was the only control he had left.

He was reluctant to leave the bed for a cold shower but his dick was throbbing, demanding attention. He glanced in the direction of the camera that observed him sleeping, they were still hidden but at least Will knew roughly where they were.

As he threw a dirty look in that direction he had an idea. If he had to suffer from sexual frustration Hannibal could damn well suffer too. Teasing Hannibal, pressing against him and then pulling away had felt so good. Taunting him with what he so desperately wanted but could not have, it tasted like victory.

Will stripped off his boxers and laid himself out on top of the soft duvet, completely nude, the sunlight warm on his skin. He rolled onto his front to grab the unopened lubricant Hannibal had thoughtfully put in his bedside drawer, pausing to wiggle his ass a little.

Looking back he should have noticed the way Hannibal looked at him, he'd felt his eyes on him so many times but it hadn't clicked. One thing he did believe was that Hannibal found him beautiful.

He drizzled the lube over his fingers and let it warm. Will brought his hand to his dick, unable to take his time. Yes, he wanted to torture Hannibal but that didn't change the fact he was desperate. He spread his legs a little, letting out a low moan as he began to pump his thick length.

Will usually brought himself off quickly while biting his lower lip. The leisurely pace felt good and he let his head fall back as he moaned loudly. His free hand roamed over his chest, pinching a nipple and gasping. His eyes cut to the door where he saw a shadow. His next moan was louder, more obviously sexual. The shadow moved away and Will grinned in triumph, knowing that Hannibal was right now grabbing his ipad.

His moans were not faked as he rolled his hips upwards into his wet grip. He kept his eyes open as images raced through his mind, snarling softly when Hannibal's warm body appeared more often than he liked. He moved his hand faster as he could feel his orgasm growing closer. A wave of heat crashed over his body as reached his peak. He let out a strangled cry as his back arched and ropes of cum covered his stomach.

Will lay back on the bed, exhausted and breathing heavily, silently enjoying the quiet of the afterglow. When the tickling tremors ebbed away he grinned in the direction of the camera, showing his teeth. He healed his heavy body from the bed and headed to the shower. The bathroom door had a lock and Will checked he remembered to latch it, though he knew no lock would keep Hannibal from what he wanted.

Once he was pink and clean he returned to the bedroom to dress. The wardrobe door gave him privacy but he stood in a way that showed enough glimpses of skin that Hannibal would know what he was doing. He was trying to choose a book when Hannibal arrived with breakfast.

"Good morning Will," the smell of bacon and eggs made Will's mouth water and he was suddenly ravenous. He gave Hannibal a nod of acknowledgment before joining him at the table. Hannibal was only promised one meal a day but Will had stopped refusing to eat in front of him so they shared most meals, their Sunday dinner being followed by a drink. "Did you sleep any better?" He asked, placing a fruit platter between their plates.

“Only good dreams,” Will lied smoothly, starting on his breakfast.

“Any you care to share?” Hannibal asked.

Will took his time chewing and swallowing. “I dreamt I killed you myself,” he answered.

“How would you do it?” Hannibal asked curiously.

“Slowly,” Will answered, meeting Hannibal's eyes. “Painfully, with my hands.”

“Not with a gun?” Hannibal asked.

“Not intimate enough,” Will replied. “I want to spill your blood.”

“Could you?”

“Yes.”

“Vicious boy,” Will had to turn away from the soft fondness on Hannibal's face. “Does it excite you? The thought of killing me?”

“It excites you.”

“Yes,” Hannibal smiled, his expression almost admiring.

The idea of hurting Hannibal was oddly exciting but when Will had fantasised he had never reached the point where Hannibal stopped breathing. But what were the other options, let Jack shoot him, a moment of pain and then oblivion? Will wasn't sure if he believed in hell and he was too angry to wish peace on Hannibal. If it went to trial Hannibal would certainly be declared insane, Will feared for the other patients and doctors Hannibal would amuse himself with. Will still did not want to see himself as a killer but he saw no way out of his situation. He couldn't kill Hannibal until he found a way out at least. There was no proof of the timer Hannibal promised him.

He was drawn out of his dark musings when Hannibal spoke again. “I'm afraid I have a lunch appointment today so I won't be able to join you. I have left you a meal,” he gestured to a lunchbox on Will's nightstand containing some sort of pasta meal.

“Great. Lots of hours all to myself, again,” Will muttered bitterly.

“I was under the impression you preferred your own company,” Hannibal responded.

“People adopt dogs for company,” Will spat.

“It would be cruel for them to be locked in this room,” Hannibal said calmly. Will felt white-hot rage surge through him at that and he seriously considered lunging across the table to strangle Hannibal and consequences be damned. Instead he shoved his plate and the remaining bites of his breakfast to the floor where the plate shattered with a satisfying crack.

He stormed away to the seat by the window, opening a copy of Harry Potter and ignoring Hannibal. Hannibal finished his food and gathered up the broken crockery quietly. “Have you read the Potter series before?” He asked. Will remained mute. “I shall see you tonight then. I'm sure you can entertain yourself in my absence,” Will cut his eyes to Hannibal then, furious to be caught by a smirking Hannibal. He turned back to the book without another word.

He had not read the book before but quickly became engrossed, his poor upbringing didn't seem bad at all compared to Harry's abusive childhood. Harry's escape into the wizarding world gave him hope.

The morning passed fairly quickly and the tomato and basil pasta was delicious and meat free. He was bored of reading and was beginning to get antsy. How did cats just laze around all day and not go mad with boredom? Will was definitely bored now and had already investigated every nook and cranny of the room. He thought about locating Hannibal's cameras and rearranging them but he was pretty sure they were actually in the walls and he liked knowing the blind spots.

With an abundance of undirected energy Will rearranged the furniture. The four poster bed was too cumbersome to move but he shifted the table into the sunniest part of the room and placed the comfortable rocking chair by the bathroom door. The laundry hamper was shifted from the corner closest to the door to further away simply for the sake of inconvenience. How long had Hannibal spent decorating and arranging this room to perfection? Probably not as long as Will had taken to undo it.

Afterwards he rearranged the books. They were all placed alphabetically, by author's last name. He dumped every book on the bed before deciding on a new system. After a moment's contemplation, he replaced them in a different order. Alphabetically by the first letter in the second word. It would take Hannibal weeks if not months to work out the system and in the meantime Will was confident it would drive him crazy.

Inspired by the organised chaos, Will moved on to his socks, making sure not a single pair matched. It didn't bother him but he had a feeling it would irritate

Hannibal to no end. He also mixed the sock drawer with the underwear drawer and uncolour coordinated the wardrobe. Finally, he slid the bookmark free and dog-eared the page he was on, placing the bookmark right next to the novel. He felt much better.

Will strongly suspected the room was also fitted with microphones and Hannibal was looking in on him between classes, as though Will was a new pet not quite settled in yet. He flopped back on the bed and began to sing, loudly.

"It's 9 o'clock on a Saturday, regular crowd shuffles in…"

He sang through the whole of piano man, movin' out and she's always a woman before finishing. One of his first albums was the best of Billy Joel and he could have sung most of his back catalogue easily. Now he was sure Hannibal must have muted him; he got to regret it.

Earlier, Hannibal had picked up his discarded boxers and placed them in the laundry hamper. Will made a point to discard his clothes all over the room before reaching for the bottle of lube, still resting on his bedside table.

Will carefully arranged his body, lying on his side meant he was able to expose his ass and his dick fully. He was not as desperate as he was when he woke up and he was able to take his time working himself up slowly, mouth opened wide as he made no attempt to hide his loud moans.

Will guessed he still had two hours before Hannibal came home so he made his enjoyment last. He slowed down every time he felt himself about to climax and changed position, always presenting himself well before resuming his performance. Will took particular delight in seating his bare ass on the table they ate from. Angering Hannibal was probably a dangerous game but Will wanted to see where the line was and what happened if he crossed it.

After ninety minutes he resumed his original position, coating both hands in silky lubricant. He brought one to his steadily weeping dick, sliding his thumb over the slit. His other hand moved to his ass, massaging the cheeks before sliding a wet finger between to glide over his hole. He did not penetrate himself but circled the hole with his wet digits, every so often testing the tight opening. When his dick was ready to explode he slid just the tip of a finger past the tight ring of muscles. His vision went white as he came harder than before, spilling over his fingers and the bedding. He blew a taunting kiss to the camera before heading into the bathroom to shower.

He wasn't surprised when Hannibal came to his room earlier than usual. Will had his jeans and odd socks on but his chest was bare. He took his time buttoning up his shirt while Hannibal did not even pretend not to look. “It's not dinner time yet,” Will said by way of greeting.

“No, but you have been so busy today I thought you might enjoy a snack,” with a tiny look of disdain, he placed a plate of cookies on the table along with a glass of milk.

“Are there nuts in them?” He asked.

“No, chocolate chip,” Hannibal answered.

Will nodded and took a biscuit, it was still warm and delicious from the oven. He watched Hannibal closely. He'd registered the micro expression that suggested he had seen Will pleasuring himself on the table. Hannibal's eyes flicked around the room, taking in the seemingly random book order, Will's mismatched socks and the clothes dumped on the floor. Hannibal folded his hands in his lap but there was tension in his jaw.

“If you wished to rearrange the room I would have been happy to help,” Hannibal said with impressive calm.

Will shrugged. “The sun was in my eyes while I was trying to read,” he answered. “Do you mind?” He pressed.

“Not at all,” Hannibal answered calmly. “It will be nice to have a view while we eat,” his dark eyes landed on the book, resting next to the unused bookmark. With sudden urgency he stalked over to the book, unbending the page and putting the bookmark in its proper place. He collected Will's clothes in the misplaced hamper before returning to the table, pointedly not looking at Will's feet. “If you're interested, your little impromptu performance interrupted me at a most inconvenient time.”

“Performance?” Will asked innocently.

“You have a beautiful singing voice, dear Will,” he said softly. “It was dreadfully difficult to steer my patient back to discussing his issues and not our mutual love of Billy Joel.”

“I was bored and I've no radio. If I had my phone…”

“I will get you an ipod,” Hannibal said. “Give me a list of songs and I will take care of it.”

“I want a dock,” Will said, aware of how bratty he sounded.

“A dock?”

“I don't like wearing headphones so I need a docking station,” he replied.

“Very well,” Hannibal agreed. “But if you start blasting music at all hours of the night I will take it away.”

Will rolled his eyes. “Yes Daddy,” he almost choked when he realised what he'd said. The look in Hannibal's eyes was almost feral. Will fixed him with his most withering stare and almost sighed in relief when Hannibal let it drop, for now.

“I have some notes to transcribe before dinner. Can you amuse yourself for a little while?” He asked.

“I'm sure I'll find a way,” Will said sweetly. “You'll be watching,” he added as Hannibal headed to the door.

The reply was only just audible. “Yes Will.”

Will gave Hannibal a few minutes to get downstairs before he returned to the bed and fished out his penis. He didn't bother to strip, just shoved his clothes out of the way and hurriedly, vocally, brought himself to completion. He wiped his hands clean on the already stained bedspread with a quiet laugh. It had been years since he'd masturbated three times in one day and he was thoroughly, blissfully exhausted.

A couple of hours later when Hannibal returned with a delicious soup and a bottle of red wine, Will was sitting up in bed reading Harry Potter, the picture of innocence. Were it not for the patch of dried cum by his leg and the scent of sex in the air. “One minute,” Will said, holding up a finger, before closing the book, bookmark in place. “I wanted to finish the chapter. Smells great,” he said cheerfully, joining Hannibal at the table.

“I thought a thick vegetable soup was appropriate, there was an unseasonable chill in the air today,” he said, pleased with the compliment.

“I wouldn't know,” Will said. His voice was cold but there was no real bite. He had spent the day coming up with mild annoyances and he could see they were still affecting Hannibal. Watching him lose even a small bit of control was wildly entertaining.

“Are you enjoying Harry Potter?” Hannibal asked.

“Yeah, I'm a bit surprised you've read them. I thought it was parents who got hooked on it as adults,” Will said, though he would definitely be finishing the series.

“I wanted to know what all the fuss was about,” Hannibal answered. “Like many others I followed Harry to the end.”

“No spoilers,” Will said.

“I wouldn't dream of it. So what house are you in?” He asked.

“I don't wanna say Gryffindor but I think it fits best,” Will said. “Or maybe Hufflepuff,” he added quickly.

“No, you are most definitely a lion, Will,” Hannibal insisted.

“I thought I was a mongoose?” Will said. Hannibal laughed. “Seems fitting as you are definitely a serpent.”

“You say that like it is a bad thing,” Hannibal observed, placing a hand on his emerald green tie.

“I'm not the only one, they do have a reputation,” Will pointed out.

“Yes, Merlin himself was a Slytherin,” Hannibal informed him.

“Along with every witch or wizard that ever went bad,” Will argued.

“Not every one,” Hannibal warned him, placing a finger to his lips. “Spoilers.”

Will drank his wine slowly so when their bowls were clean the bottle was still half full. “Nightcap?” He suggested. Hannibal's expression didn't quite reach surprise but it was questioning. “We agreed on one meal with an after dinner drink per week didn't we?”

“Yes we did,” Hannibal smiled as Will filled both their glasses and they settled on the sofa. It was now pressed against a different wall and faced the offending bookcase.

“I did a music list,” Will said, handing the paper to Hannibal. He would like the extra entertainment and most of the songs were pretty well known. Half a dozen were purely there to be blasted loudly when he was particularly pissed at Hannibal.

“Baby shark?” Hannibal asked.

“You don't know it?” Will asked, already certain of the answer.

“I'm afraid I don't,” Hannibal admitted.

“You should look it up, it's a great workout song,” Will told him, letting himself hope just a little.

Hannibal looked doubtful but pulled out his phone, keeping it away from Will. Will stopped himself from lunging for it, if Hannibal was already comfortable bringing a phone into his cage Will could use that. He just had to wait for a better opportunity.

Seconds later the cheerful music started. Will threw himself to the floor, fluttering his legs in time to the best. The tinny music continued as Will cycled through several leg and abdominal exercises, thanking God, and Beverley, who sent him that video. He was breathing heavily when the song ended and seconds later burst into unrestrained laughter, laughing until he was struggling to breathe. It was Hannibal's face. He was staring at Will in open mouthed shock. For the first time, in maybe ever, Hannibal was unable to hide his surprise. He actually looked speechless.

Will was still laughing when he rejoined Hannibal on the sofa. It took Hannibal a couple of moments to regain his composure before he spoke. “I must invest in some weaker wine. I was not aware you were such a lightweight.”

Will laughed again. “I need some way to stay in shape if you're gonna keep feeding me great food.”

“I have no intention of stopping, and I cannot argue with the results,” he said, eyes travelling over Will’s body. The room grew tense and Will was readying himself to shove Hannibal away but after a moment he looked away and the charge left the air. “What do you have against the alphabet?” He wondered aloud, looking at the bookshelf.

“And you're calling me a lightweight,” Will commented, deliberately missing the point.

“I organised those books myself. A few in the wrong place I expect but now they look as if they have been flung at the shelves by an illiterate drunk,” he had a point. The Lord Of The Rings trilogy was on three different shelves and the Potter series nowhere near each other.

“There's a system,” Will said.

“Not one I can see,” Hannibal said. “When every series is split it may indicate a flawed system.”

“It's my system,” Will insisted. “You can alphabetize the rest of the house, I will keep my books in my system.”

“Very well,” Hannibal responded, eventually jaw clenching. Will hid his triumphant grin behind a drink of wine.

Not long afterwards he was genuinely yawning, tired but feeling much more relaxed than usual. Hannibal was chattering about a ballet he'd like to take Will to one day. Will didn't bother to argue the fact that they would never go on a date, just tuned in and out of Hannibal's words enjoying the low tones of his voice.

“You look ready to pass out,” Hannibal observed after several long lizard blinks.

“Yea, tired,” Will replied through another yawn.

“Bedtime then,” Hannibal said, moving to his feet. Will nodded and went to brush his teeth as Hannibal tidied away their dinner.

He lingered until Will emerged. “I will set-up your ipod tomorrow.”

“Thank you, Hannibal.”

“You're welcome,” he said warmly. “Goodnight Will.”

“Goodnight,” Hannibal took one last look at the soiled bedclothes and left.

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The next day began the same way, with Will beating off for the camera. When he came out of the shower Hannibal was changing the sheets.

He was wearing nothing but a towel and Hannibal paused in his movements to drink in the sight. Will felt the urge to duck back in the bathroom and hide but instead he straightened his spin and raised his chin. His heart was beating hard against his sternum and when Hannibal took a hesitant half step towards him he moved back with a discreet shake of his head.

Hannibal continued to watch him, an aching desire setting his eyes alight. Even as cool water dripped from the tips of Will's hair, his skin was heating up. After what seemed like an age Hannibal turned back to what he was doing. Will ducked his head to hide his smile, Hannibal could not stand the stain for even twenty-four hours.

Will leaned against the door watching Hannibal straighten down the sheets before turning to fully face Will. “Can you give me a minute to change?”

Hannibal's reluctance was obvious but he nodded and left the room. There was a spread of pastries and preserves already on the table and Hannibal's shadow lingered on the other side of the door. Will changed quickly and sat down to start his breakfast. He'd almost finished a croissant with jam when Hannibal knocked on the door. “I'm decent,” he called.

Hannibal entered and he actually looked a little hurt that Will was eating without him. Will carried on eating without a word. “Good morning Will, did you sleep well?” No response. Will continued his breakfast stoically, looking out onto the garden instead of at Hannibal. “Will?” Hannibal nodded, understanding he was being ignored. “Can I ask what I have done to earn the silent treatment?” Will bristled at his almost playful tone. Hannibal had been toying with him for long enough, Will was playing his own game now.

“Good morning Hannibal,” he responded. Will drained his coffee and finally met Hannibal’s eyes before licking his lips and humming at the dark taste. He rose from the table and reclined on his bed, ankles crossed. He resumed reading, hiding his face.

“You seem angry,” Hannibal observed.

“Fucking livid,” he said, he lowered his book enough to glare at Hannibal. “Still,” he returned to his book could feel Hannibal’s eyes, burning his skin.

Hannibal quietly placed an ipod on his bedside table. “Your dock is by the door. I will see you at lunch time.”

Silence.

Hannibal waited until the door closed to let himself smile. Will was frustrating and fascinating in equal measure. He'd rather have conversation, a glimpse of affection than this coldness but Will had always been challenging.

Will waited until mid morning before stripping off except for the odd socks. He didn't touch himself but was clearly on display, occasionally shifting so anyone watching would get to see all of him. He kept one eye on his watch, waiting for Hannibal to begin his journey home. He was startled when he heard movement downstairs thirty minutes earlier than expected.

He hurried into his clothes and pressed his ear to the floor, listening for any suspicious sounds. Hannibal was almost never early but he could hear someone moving around in the kitchen. It wasn't until he heard heavy footsteps on the staircase leading to the third floor that he relaxed. As far as he knew, no-one else was aware of there being anything but storage on the top floor. He recognised the pace of Hannibal's steps and pressed himself to the wall near the door.

As soon as the door opened Will launched himself at Hannibal who dodged his punch with less of his usual grace. Hannibal recovered quickly and grasped Will's wrists, swiftly pressing him to the wall, stepping in close. Will went limp after a second and Hannibal cautiously released him. “Hannibal. You scared the shit out of me,” he snapped.

“How so?” Hannibal asked, still standing a little too close.

“You're early,” Will responded. He reluctantly moved away from Hannibal, even though the movement forced him to press close to Hannibal's firm body. “I didn't know who you were.”

“So you decided to attack a potential rescuer?” Hannibal asked.

“I've been a little tense lately,” Will said with disdain, seating himself at the table. Hannibal brought the rolling tray from outside and placed their meal of pork chops on the table.

“At least you are speaking to me,” Hannibal observed, his only answer was a glare. “Did you enjoy your morning?” Will regarded him steadily. Hannibal kept his face passive and he slipped a piece of meat between his lips, drawing out the fork slowly and licking his lips. The corner of his mouth finally turned up, a hint of a suggestive smirk.

Will popped a piece of warm bread into his own mouth, letting his fingers slip past his lips. He took his time chewing, titling his head back when he swallowed. “Fantastic,” he answered slowly with a feral grin. “Yours?”

“Distracting,” Hannibal replied. Will did not bother to hide his triumphant smile. “I was curious as to what music you chose to listen to.”

“I thought there were microphones?” Will replied in surprise.

“There are but after your spirited rendition of Billy Joel's greatest I decided it was best to have my tablet muted when in the presence of others,” Hannibal explained. “For my ears only.”

“You want me all to yourself,” Will surmised.

“Yes,” Hannibal answered bluntly.

“You are a petty, jealous man,” Will accused.

“At times,” Hannibal admitted. “We all have our flaws.”

“I suppose I should be grateful you didn't just kill my dogs,” Will muttered. “You didn't, right?” He added sharply.

A soft frown fluttered across Hannibal's handsome features. “No, they are perfectly safe and well cared for. I prefer not to harm an animal unless it is necessary.”

“You don't consider emotional pain?” Will argued.

“You worry your dogs are unhappy?” Hannibal said, the soft fondness that enraged and warmed Will creeping in.

“You took them from their home and me. There's a reason I never put them in a kennel, they like a familiar environment,” Will snapped, raising his voice.

“I expect that is why Winston had tried to run home, searching for his master,” Hannibal said.

“He knows I'm coming home,” Will warned Hannibal. “You kill people for yelling at service workers?”

“When they reduce a young woman to tears, yelling that they ordered a large when they did not,” Hannibal said with a nod.

“Why do you draw the line at animals?” Will asked.

“Animals lack the capacity for cruelty that humanity has, they are…purer,” he explained. “The same reason I would not harm a child.”

“That's how you justify your actions?” Will asked. “People are shit apart from kids?

“No. I have no defence, certainly not one that would satisfy you,” Hannibal said with a slightly sad smile.

“No defence or one I wouldn't understand?” Will pressed.

“If anyone could understand it would be you,” Hannibal said fondly.

Will scoffed. “Because you still think we're soulmates or something?” He sneered.

“Yes. But I believe you have a better chance of understanding due to your brilliant mind, your unique gift,” Hannibal said, speaking with reverence of the condition that had plagued Will since he was a child.

“Tell me,” he demanded, pleased with the discomfort in Hannibal's eyes, a flash of the pain he'd felt when he told Will about Mischa. “Aren't you curious?”

“Very well,” Hannibal said, placing his cutlery down with exaggerated care. “We have discussed the darkest part of my childhood. After Mischa was… taken I ended up in an orphanage, for my entire time there I did not speak. A response to trauma. It made me a target, that and the fact I did not respect the established hierarchy among the boys. They sought to hear me scream, outside of my nightmares.”

“Kids are cruel,” Will commented. He experienced his fair share of bullies, though he suspected the boys that tormented Hannibal were a darker breed.

“Yes and I do carry my scars, external and internal. I know what it is to be prey, the intensity of near constant pain and fear. I remember the feeling of helplessness and I hated it,” he continued. “Once I left that place I learned to be strong, I was finally able to defend myself, to take from those who sought to take from me and seek my revenge. I made myself the apex predatory. No man or animal is above me in the food chain.”

“Law enforcement?” Will suggested. “The people with the power to imprison you for the rest of your life?”

“They have not bested me so far,” Hannibal reminded him.

“I do understand,” Will said, mildly curious about the hope in Hannibal's eyes. “It's hardly complicated, people buy guns for the same reason. To protect themselves and their family. You couldn't when you were a kid and that's not your fault, but you know that. If you see the world as predator and prey, which you will, working with Jack, no one would choose to be prey.”

“Yes, it does seem simple to someone who shares that view,” Hannibal admitted.

“There is a massive difference between the man who buys a gun while hoping he will not have to use it and one who goes on a shooting spree,” Will pointed out harshly.

“One is mentally unstable,” Hannibal agreed. Will cocked his head and stared at Hannibal for several long minutes in silence. Hannibal let out a soft huff of surrender before breaking it. “Do you have a question Will?”

“Not exactly,” Will answered, his gaze unwavering and intense. “I'm just wondering how stable you are,” he answered. “You are capable of controlling yourself, it's the reason you haven't been caught yet. You do know the difference between right and wrong but the way you see things is not in line with the rest of the world’s perception. Anyone to meet you would assume you to be a well-adjusted, even impressive, man,” he took a deep breath. “But you keep people captive in your attic, watch them on hidden cameras, harvest fresh organs for your dinner table and the displays…”

“The ones that excite you so?” Hannibal pushed.

“Perhaps you are nothing more than a mad dog who needs to be put down,” Will stated.

“Would you put down an unwanted animal that is not suffering?” Hannibal asked.

Will shook his head. “Maybe, if it was a danger to itself and others.”

“I am not a danger to you Will,” Hannibal said softly. Will tapped the faint mark on his lips where the skin had been split. “Self-defence.”

“Am I the first?” Will asked. “Were there others you kept here, others that you ‘loved’?” He asked.

“I have never experienced this magnitude of feelings for another,” Hannibal stated plainly.

“It's a yes or no question Hannibal.”

“No, I haven't.”

Will nodded, finishing his food. “What's your favourite song?” He asked.

“La Vie En Rose,” he answered. “Yours?”

“Starry Starry Night,” he answered.

“A beautiful piece,” Hannibal observed. Will cleared his plate and returned to bed ignoring Hannibal in favour of quidditch. “I'll be working from home this afternoon. Let me know if you need me.”

“I won't,” Will called as he left the room. He waited a few seconds before plugging his ipod into the dock. He scrolled through the tracks and found La Vie En Rose, of course Hannibal had downloaded his favourite. He set it to repeat and turn the volume up as loud as possible. It was louder that he would prefer but there were a pair of earplugs in one of his drawers that he hadn't felt safe using while he slept. He popped them in and returned to his position on the bed with a smirk.

Hannibal was apparently far too stubborn to react so Will was left to his own devices, he hated it. It wasn't that he wanted to spend time with Hannibal, he was still eager to deny Hannibal anything he wanted, but he was bored with only music and books to occupy him. It was times like that he missed his dogs the most. The boredom made him anxious and his mind started going around in circles which did not help the situation.

When he could no longer remain still he started pacing the room. His bookshelf was annoying Hannibal but he had tolerated it so far, as he had the odd socks. He shot a grin in the direction of one of the cameras and emptied the book case. He piled the Potter books on the bedside cabinet. They were in order but a stack of seven books did look untidy. Then he replaced the books in a completely random order, however he placed them with the spines facing the wall. He also dragged a few pillows onto the floor to form a makeshift ottoman. He still had time to kill.

He ideally fondled himself through his pants but stopped. Hannibal may not be watching if he was working and no doubt he had turned off the microphones. He stripped down to his boxers, dumping the clothes in the centre of the floor. Will stretched himself out and loosened his muscles.

Working out was one of the few things that could clear his mind but only if he pushed himself to exhaustion. He managed to lose himself in circuits, sit-ups, leg raises, press-ups, anything he could do without equipment over and over again. When his muscles felt heavy he pushed through until he was mentally calm and physically exhausted, breathing heavily on the floor.

He took a long, hot shower and changed into fresh clothes before dropping onto his bed, feeling more clear headed. He finally relented and set his ipod to shuffle. Less than ten minutes later Hannibal arrived with dinner. “Good evening Will. I hope you enjoyed your workout.”

“Thought I needed to expend some energy,” Will said. He took a seat at the table and propped his feet on the makeshift ottoman, smiling sweetly when Hannibal’s eyes flicked to his socks. “I was bored.”

“Is there anything I can provide?” Hannibal asked. “More company or some other form of entertainment?”

“I don't want your company and I'd rather find ways to entertain myself,” Will snapped.

Hannibal's eyes slid to the bookshelf and almost smiled. “You have done that,” he said fondly.

“You're amused,” Will observed.

“Pleased,” Hannibal corrected.

“Why?” He was irritated by Hannibal’s one word answers, they made him curious, forcing him to engage in conversation.

“I see your actions as proof that you know me better than you believe,” he explained. “You know exactly how to push my buttons,” he made the sentence sound filthy.

“You're more predictable than you think,” he challenged, fighting the twitch in the corner of his mouth.

“You never are,” Hannibal replied softly. Will grit his teeth and continued eating, Hannibal had adopted a zen attitude to his annoyances and it infuriated him. “If you speak to me we can find a way to make this easier on you.”

“No thank you,” Will replied. He finished the last bite and let a wide grin spread over his face. “I'm just fine on my own.”

Will stood and turned his back to Hannibal, unbuttoning his shirt. His stomach was dancing as he let his shirt fall to the floor, he was playing with fire and knew exactly how close he was to getting burnt. It was thrilling. Hannibal did not move from his seat as he watched Will undress.

Will leaned back on the bed, daring Hannibal to speak. He didn't say a word, but dragged his chair to a better spot to watch. After a few seconds of intense eye contact Will began to touch himself. He kept his eyes on Hannibal's as his hands roamed over his body, slowly working himself up.

Hannibal was breathing heavily by the time Will wrapped his hand around the swollen head of his dick, smearing beads of precum around the heated tip. He licked over his palm before returning it to his thickening member, slowly pumping the length and moaning softly. His free hand moved over his chest to his face. He slid two fingers into his mouth with an obscene sound, sucking wetly until he was drooling.

He heard Hannibal let out a guttural sound, something between a moan and a growl. Hannibal was still clothed but he was palming the bulge in his trousers, lips parted and face flushing. Hannibal was close to losing his composure and Will was loving it.

He felt the coil in his stomach tightening as his pleasure mounted and a thought hit him with perfect clarity. If Hannibal joined him on the bed now he would not push him away. His whole body flushed and his heart was thumping when he fell apart under Hannibal’s adoring gaze. Neither moved as Will basked in the afterglow, catching his breath.

He rose from the bed. Hannibal was still seated but desire was coming off him in waves. Will's legs carried him closer until he stood opposite Hannibal, less than three feet between them. Hannibal silently extended a hand in invitation and Will longed to accept it, let himself be drawn in. He stepped away and moved to the bathroom, pausing in the doorway. “Goodnight Hannibal,” he said, surprised but pleased that his voice did not waver. The message was clear, he did not intend to let Hannibal touch him.

“Goodnight Will,” Hannibal purred softly and left the room.

Will slumped against the wall for a moment, he had come so close, too close, and it scared him a little. No matter what the game he never seemed to understand the rules or the stakes when playing with Hannibal. He needed to stop but a big part of him didn't want to.

He bent under the spray of water in the shower, whispering a mantra over and over again.

“I don't want to have sex with Hannibal Lecter. I don't want to have sex with Hannibal Lecter. I don't want to have sex with Hannibal Lecter.”

He kept chanting the phrase in a loop, praying that if he said it enough he could convince himself it was true.

“I CAN'T want to have sex with Hannibal Lecter.”

Tradition

Chapter Summary

Hannibal tries to show Will that he does truly care for him by offering him limited trust.

Chapter Notes

I wanted to let Will out of that little room so it's time for a fishing trip!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Not today," Will said as soon as Hannibal entered the room. His back was to the door and he was facing the wall, still laying on his bed but not reading or listening to music. He sounded tired rather than angry, his body sagging with bone-deep exhaustion.

"You need to eat Will," Hannibal said, bringing in the rolling breakfast table. "At least some have some toast."

"I'm not hungry," Will stated, not moving from his position.

Hannibal walked around the bed to face him and crouched down, looking at Will's face. "Do you feel ill?" He asked, feeling Will's forehead. "You're not warm," he moved his hand to Will's chin, feeling the skin there. "No swelling. What's wrong?" Will scoffed softly. "Besides the obvious?" Hannibal asked.

Will sighed and sat up. "The ipod has the date on it," he said eventually. "I didn't keep track of the dates but I noticed today…"

"What is today's significance?" Hannibal asked. "He knew Will's birthday and the date his Father passed but neither was approaching soon.

“Tomorrow was my Dad’s birthday,” he answered, bringing his legs up to his chest. “I just want a couple of days on my own, please?” He asked, far too weak to battle. He let Hannibal get far too close and he knew if he let himself be vulnerable now he would worm his way in deeper and Will would let him. Will did not want that but he so wanted the comfort.

“Do you usually spend the day alone?” Hannibal asked, sitting himself next to Will on the bed. He placed his hand on Will’s shoulder, letting it fall when Will shifted away, walling himself off physically and mentally. “Stay with me Will.”

“Like I have a choice,” he muttered. “Yes I spend the day alone as usual but I sort of have a tradition and this year, I’ll be here, like always,” he said with a low grunt. “It’s a small thing but it feels important.”

“Traditions are important,” Hannibal told him. “They can make us feel close to those who have passed on and offer comfort. Tell me about your tradition.”

Will turned his head so he was facing away from Hannibal. “I fish,” he said. “There were times when we struggled with food and to keep me from knowing and worrying my Father would take me fishing.”

“Catching your own food, smart,” Hannibal observed.

“Yeah, we already had the rods and some reusable lures so it made sense. I eventually figured out what he was doing but I still enjoyed it,” Will said.

“You go fishing on his birthday?” Hannibal asked.

Will nodded. “I pack a sandwich and so somewhere with a pier, sit with my feet in the water and just relax. Then I take the fish home and cook it myself,” he answered.

“It is important to remember the peaceful parts of your childhood,” Hannibal said.

“My head’s throbbing,” he complained. “Are you sure there is no temperature?”

Hannibal felt his forehead again, it felt fine. “No, perhaps it’s simply stress again,” he suggested.

Will shuffled further away and stayed quiet for several moments. “I’m not throwing a tantrum because I know it doesn’t work with you but that doesn’t mean I’m willing to talk to you. Our agreement stands but I did not agree to eat with you every day so please just leave me,” Will asked, resting his head on his hand and closing his eyes against the stress headache that was fighting to take hold.

“Very well,” Hannibal answered. “I will bring you some pain killers but please try to eat something and stay hydrated. He placed a soothing hand on the back of Will’s neck, lingering before leaving the room.

When he returned to the room with supplies Will had eaten a couple of slices of toast and was staring out of the window, deep in thought. He quietly placed a pack of pills, a large bottle of water, a sleep mask and a small bell on Will’s bedside table. “Rest a little while. If you want your solitude then I will give you that, however if you change your mind and want anything at all then simply ring,” Will had to fight down a smile at the last detail.

“I told you, I’ll never want anything from you,” he said sourly.

“I’ll see you at lunch time,” Hannibal said softly and left him alone.

Each meal that day happened the same way. A couple of sentences were exchanged and Will ate a little after Hannibal left him. But Hannibal was not idle, he spent the morning researching, the afternoon shopping and the evening planning. He checked in on Will and found him sound asleep by nine. Ideal.

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“Will,” he stroked back Will’s messy curls from his forehead, tapping his face and trying to rouse him. “Will, wake up please?” Will eyes blinked open reluctantly.

“What?” He slurred, squinting at his watch. “It’s early,” he observed.

“I apologise, please get dressed, something light, we are forecasted a lot of sun today,” Hannibal said, he handed Will a homemade breakfast bar. “Eat up.”

Hannibal left the room but did not lock the door, leaving it open a crack. Will followed him into the hallways confused. “What’s happening?” He asked, scanning the hallway. There was the door to his room and four more doors as well as the one that must lead downstairs. The door to the outside had an electronic lock of its own and the door directly opposite his had its own held a keyhole while the others did not seem locked at all. He made it into the hallway once before but had been too panicked to take stock of his surroundings.

“It is a surprise, please hurry,” Hannibal said politely.

“You said I could be alone,” Will argued.

“I think I have a better idea, indulge me?” Hannibal requested with a short smile.

“You want to distract me?” Will asked, mildly annoyed.

“No,” Hannibal answered simply. Will took in Hannibal’s attire, loose cream slacks and a thin shirt with the sleeves rolled up, it was probably the most casual he’d seen Hannibal, not including what he slept in.

Will couldn’t help but feel a little curious. He dressed in the bathroom while eating the fruity bar. He’s never liked breakfast bars but as with everything Hannibal prepared, it was

delicious. Once he was fully dressed he returned to Hannibal who was standing in the hall waiting. “So what is all this about?” He asked, slightly irritated but still curious as to why Hannibal had changed his mind suddenly. He resented it, as he resented Hannibal for denying him his birthday tradition and his freedom.

“Please do not be too angry with me,” Hannibal said quietly. Will was not fast enough to realise what he meant before a sharp needle plunged into his neck. He felt dizziness hit him almost instantly. “I hope you will forgive me,” Hannibal whispered as he gathered Will in his arms to keep him from hitting the floor. Will’s tongue was not working enough for him to respond and the world sank into blackness as he felt dry lips against his forehead.

Will woke up to a fragrant breeze and the smell of nature. His eyes snapped open and he quickly closed them when he was confronted with bright light. The next time he opened them he was more cautious, laying still as he took in his surroundings. He was not in his room, he wasn’t even indoors. As the fog in his mind cleared he was able to take stock of his situation.

He was laid out on a soft woven blanket under the shade of a tree with grass surrounding him. The sun was shining down on him through the canopy of leaves and a soft breeze caressed his skin. He could smell the grass and something floral and when he strained his ears he heard water.

Will slowly pushed himself to a sitting position, his brain feeling thick and his body weak. In front of him was a beautiful lake, sun glinting off the smooth surface, slightly disturbed by the warm breeze. He didn't recognize the location but it was perfect. Various trees were dotted around the edges, long willow branches hanging low over the water. There was a wooden dock stretched out over the water and at the end of the dock was Hannibal. Will understood what he was doing, it was obvious once he spotted the fishing rods laid next to Hannibal.

Hannibal turned as though he sensed Will was awake. His smile was gentle as he approached Will and handed him a bottle of water. “I used a slightly more gentle drug this time, it shouldn’t affect you as badly.”

“I hate it when you drug me,” Will snapped, snatching the water bottle and forcing himself to sip rather than gulp it down.

“I know but I needed to make sure you would remain unconscious long enough to get you here,” Hannibal explained. “I was hoping that once you woke up you would forgive me when you found yourself outside.”

“Are you letting me go?” Will asked, a challenge in his voice.

“No, but as I said, traditions are important. This lake is a popular location for trout fishes and I have acquired the appropriate lures,” he explained.

“You just had this lying around?” Will asked.

“No, after our conversation I did some research and then went shopping,” Hannibal said with a small hopeful smile.

“Why are you doing this?” Will asked.

“This is important to you, I do not want to take it from you,” Hannibal said honestly. He moved to his feet and offered a hand to Will. “You can sulk under the tree if you wish,” he suggested with a slight challenge.”

“Or I could run,” Will said, standing without Hannibal’s assistance.

“In what direction?” Hannibal asked. There were no clear paths and Will did not know how far away the car was. “I would much rather catch some fish and eat but if you do decide to run then I suppose we shall have to return home. The choice is yours.”

Will scanned the area once more before walking past Hannibal to the rods and lures, laid out ready. “These rods were expensive,” he commented.

“I was forced to rely on the expertise of employees to make my options, I hope I was not misled,” Hannibal said.

“No,” Will said. “They’re good,” he selected a small silver lure and attached it to one of the lines. Hannibal watched him carefully and mimicked the action. Will did not comment but walked to the edge of the dock before casting his line into the water. Once Hannibal had successfully managed to do the same, Will toed off his shoes and sat himself on the dock, letting his feet sink into the water, the cold water clearing his fuzzy mind.

Hannibal silently took a seat next to him, doing the same. “I know you’re trying to do something nice,” Will eventually said. “What do you want?” He asked bluntly.

“To spend the day with you,” Hannibal answered.

“You insisted on a heart monitor, more meat and a meal in return for the blind spots, I assure you are doing this for some reason, movie nights, mutual foot rubs?” Will asked.

“I did not benefit from showing you the blind spots,” Hannibal answered.

“How do you benefit from this?” Will asked.

“If we were dating you would not ask,” Hannibal stated.

“We are not dating,” Will said firmly.

“No, I suppose we did speed over that part,” Hannibal said.

“I can’t tell if you are teasing me or just that delusional,” Will complained.

“Do you think I am lying when I say I love you?” Hannibal asked, genuinely curious, concerned.

“I think you believe you do,” Will admitted.

“Then you can believe that I simply wish to spend time with you, especially on what I imagine is a very hard day for you,” Hannibal said.

Will nodded and the two of them sat in silence looking out over the lake. Will was watching the water while Hannibal was discreetly watching him. He did seem lighter now he was out in the open air, his fine lines less pronounced. As he closed his eyes and tilted his head back a faint smile appeared on his face. Hannibal had been certain Will would attempt to bolt the second he was outside, they were far enough away that Hannibal would easily catch him before he found help but Will was sitting still next to him, at peace. It was possible he could see the futility of the situation or maybe he just wanted to relax and enjoy a day fishing.

“Do you want to talk about your Father?” Hannibal asked.

“He was great until I was maybe fourteen,” Will answered.

“And after that?” He pushed.

“After that I was old enough that I didn’t need to be protected, I could see the real world,” he said. “I could see that there was a reason we were poor and it wasn’t because every boss he ever had was a jerk. I started working then and had to be an adult while the other kids at school were playing football and discovering girls. It was rough but it wasn’t his fault.”

“It is always hard to be confronted with your parents' faults,” Hannibal said calmly.

“We always had food, not always a lot and I had clothes and even when we had to move around a lot he made sure I never missed a day of school. My Dad struggled sometimes, made bad choices but he was there, unlike my Mother,” Will snapped.

“He is still your hero,” Hannibal said with a soft smile.

“There are no heroes,” Will told him.

“A tragic world view,” Hannibal observed.

Will turned back to the water. “I loved my Dad, whatever his faults, he could have dumped me on the government but he raised me and I like to remember the man not just the disease.”

“Addiction?” Will nodded. “I’m sure he loved you,” Hannibal said, Will cut him off before he could continue.

“What about your Father? What was he like?” Will asked.

“Wonderful,” Hannibal answered. “He was intelligent and a talented piano player. It was my Father who taught me to play the harpsichord though I taught myself the theremin.”

“A happy family life,” Will said, somewhere between sour and wistful.

“Until I was ten, then it was a state funded orphanage for me,” he answered. “Your Father was right to keep you from that fate. Oh!”

Hannibal’s line jerked and pulled taught and there was a flash of silver as the hooked fish began to fight. He grabbed at the rod winding in the line with difficulty.

“Stop,” Will told him. “If you yank on it like that the line will break.”

Will reached behind him and grabbed the net, forgetting his anger as he guided Hannibal through reeling in the fish, slipping into the water with the net to finish. With the fish

unhooked he quickly hit it against the side of the deck to end its suffering and threw it into the cooler. “Congratulations,” he said. Hannibal preened under the praise.

“It is rather exciting,” he said. “Thank you for your exceptional tutorage. Your skin is looking rather pink,” he observed with concern. “We should move into the shade and have something to eat,” Will’s stomach chose that moment to rumble loudly and the thrill of catching an above average fish had him feeling much better.

Will removed his wet shirt, hanging it from a tree to dry and choosing to ignore Hannibal roaming eyes, though he could not hide the flush it brought to his skin. He kept his wet trousers on, trusting the sun to dry them quickly. They retreated to the blanket beneath the tree and Hannibal unpack a chilled backpack. “I did not pack a large lunch today, too much food is not good on a hot day,” he passed Will a bottle of home brewed lemonade before pulling out a couple of sandwiches.

“Peanut butter and jelly?” Will observed with a short laugh.

“Will crunchy serve?” Hannibal asked with his own smile.

“I can’t believe you even know about PB n J,” Will said, taking a large bite. “It’s good,” he said.

“I make the jam myself from some berry bushes in my garden and bake the bread myself,” Hannibal informed him.

“What about the peanut butter?” Will asked.

“A high-protein and organic brand with reduced salt,” Hannibal answered.

“Thank you,” Will said quietly, eyes down.

“You are most welcome,” Hannibal answered pleasantly.

“I don’t mean the sandwiches, I mean all of this,” Will answered. “I feel better than I have in a long time despite knowing where I’ll be sleeping tonight. But I don’t understand why you are risking this, trusting me to not run.”

“I knew that bringing you here was a risk and that you still may bolt but I think that it was worth the risk,” Hannibal said. “I do not enjoy keeping you captive and I want you to know that I care a great deal for you.”

“But you do,” Will reminded him. “Keep me prisoner.”

“For the greater good,” Hannibal said firmly.

Will gave a thoughtful nod but stayed quiet. Was the greater good just another term for self-preservation.

The sun had moved past its peak but there were still hours of light left so after eating they returned to the water’s edge. “You do look much more relaxed out here.”

“I feel it,” Will admitted. “I love being outside, away from everything.”

“It has its appeal,” Hannibal said. “I normally enjoy attending events with others but it is soothing out here with only you. No-one to pretend for.”

“Does it get exhausting, having to keep pretending?” Will asked.

“You would know,” Hannibal said. “Does it tire you?”

“Constantly,” Will said. “But I don’t seek out social gatherings.”

“I suppose I am not as comfortable in my own company as you are,” Hannibal admitted, sounding slightly surprised. “You are a wonder,” he said, a smile breaking out on his face.

“What do you mean?” Will asked.

“You seem able to reveal parts of myself I have never examined before,” Hannibal said. “Quite stunning,” he said happily.

Will was toying with his line, lost in thought. “If I agree to go back with you without a fight, no fighting or trying to run then could we do this more?” Will asked slowly. “Go outside.”

“I can see no reason why not, if you prove I can trust you,” Hannibal said. “Can I?”

“Perhaps,” Will answered quietly.

“I would like to trust you Will, I do enjoy dating,” Hannibal said.

“Not a date,” Will corrected sharply. “More like a mental health day.”

“ Tomato, tomahto,” Hannibal said happily.

“Let’s call the whole thing off,” Will finished.

“Another song for the ipod.”

Will returned to silence, Hannibal was determined to be in a good mood and it was catching. Will did not want to lose hope but if behaving meant he got to see the outside of that room it might be worth it. If nothing else he might just manage to find an opportunity to escape.

By the time he caught his own fish Will was relaxed enough to burst out laughing when Hannibal ended up soaked through. Will's catch had been a large fish and when Hannibal tried to capture it in the net he had lost his footing and fallen into the lake. Will had gotten in voluntarily whereas Hannibal had fallen in head first in clothes that turned see through when wet. His hair was also soaked, plastered flat to his head and dripping as he crawled out with the flapping fish.

"I'm glad you are amused by my clumsiness," Hannibal said, too delighted by Will's laughter to be truly unhappy. "Your pants are damp also," he pointed out.

"But mine are dark," Will said with a smirk. "You can't see what colour my boxers are," he let his eyes drift down towards Hannibal's ass which was now displayed very nicely in soaked cream pants and lavender boxers.

"That does seem somewhat unfair," Hannibal said with a flirtatious smirk. "You have never seemed to mind my eyes," he challenged.

Will leaned back watching him for a moment before answering:

"Painted by twilight, I swirl with distant stars.

Soft and mystic, I cradle the moon's glow.

What elusive colour marks the cusp of nightfall?"

He smiled. "Use your imagination."

"I most definitely will," Hannibal purred, his voice low and seductive. "Enjoy the view, I will pack up our things."

Will obliged and looked out over the glorious nature tableau, it was as if there was no one else on Earth. If anyone could transport them back in time it was probably Hannibal. All too soon their rods and catch had been packed up and Hannibal approached him with the blanket slung over his arm. “We need to head back now Will,” he said cautiously, one hand in his pocket. Will was sure he was clutching a syringe.

“Negotiations,” Will suggested. Hannibal sat down next to him, crossing his legs and facing Will.

“What do you propose?” He asked.

“I don’t want any more drugs in my system,” Will said seriously.

“Are you asking for my trust?” Hannibal asked.

“Not entirely but there are alternatives, right?” Will said.

“You are asking me?” Hannibal observed.

“You always had that room set up as a plan B, you must have one now,” Will stated.

“Yes. I am cautious because while there are few cars on the road, if you were to attack me or grab for the wheel you could cause a serious accident,” Hannibal said. “I assume you would rather not be knocked out at all?” Will nodded. “Will you allow me to restrain you? Only handcuffs, no straight jacket.”

“You just happen to have handcuffs on you?” Will asked. “I don’t know why that surprises me.”

“I was unsure if the drug dose would hold you so I also restrained your hands as extra security,” Hannibal admitted. Will glanced down at his wrists as though expecting bruises to suddenly bloom. Hannibal retrieved the cuffs from his bag. Rather than what he had expected they were thick soft leather straps, padded with soft fur and connected by a thin chain. “They should be comfortable.”

“Other drivers may notice,” Will said.

“Not with a blanket placed over your lap,” Hannibal said. “If you agree then I will trust you not to cause a scene in hopes of gaining attention.”

Will looked at the cuffs for a long moment before nodding and holding out his hands. Hannibal applied the cuffs, smiling at Will in reassurance. “They suit you,” Hannibal said, stroking the skin at the edge. He helped Will to stand and took hold of his arm, leading him through the woods towards where he had parked the car. When the sound of a road could faintly be heard he paused. “Will, I must warn you. If you are able to signal to anyone that you are in want of assistance I will kill them to keep you. Tell me you understand.”

Hannibal moved in close, his voice low and dark and his crimson eyes boring into Will’s. Will felt his breathing speed up, unable to deny that he was incredibly turned on. He broke eye contact, staring at his hands, cradled in Hannibal’s. “I understand, Hannibal.”

“Good boy.”

Chapter End Notes

I know I've had a couple of requests from my newest commented (hello Charleston). I will be doing a chapter based on your suggestion but I need one or two chapters to get there. I value my reviews a lot and since this story has a very loose plot it's much easier to work in requests. I do have an ending but until then there's plenty of time for fun and games and manipulation until then.

As always kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

XXX

Inaction

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal return home and share dinner, Will's head is aching again.

Chapter Notes

A couple of day ago some of you may have got an email informing you of an update, I made a mistake but here it is now. Please enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will hated the way his stomach fluttered when Hannibal called him good boy, it should make him angry being infantilized like that but there was something about it that warmed his core.

Hannibal had parked the car far from any road, so there were no witnesses to see him strap Will into the passenger seat with his bound hands in his lap. He pulled a blanket from the backseat, arranging it neatly over Will's lap so his hands were covered, tucking it in at his side. He stared at Will's face for a moment and eventually nodded as though deciding it was right to offer him this extension of trust. Will sat still, not wanting to give Hannibal any reason to change his mind.

Will kept his head down as Hannibal drove, they took several backroads before he was forced to pull onto a motorway. Hannibal was correct that it would be dangerous for Will to attack him now but the empty roads they had been on before were mostly lined with bushes. It wouldn't have been too dangerous to grab the wheel and force them off the road then, maybe he could have disoriented Hannibal long enough to get a hold of the syringe himself. Put Hannibal to sleep and leave him on the side of the road. Once we was far away enough he could find somewhere with a phone and be free,

The thought had crossed his mind but he had sat quietly, hands folded under the blanket. "You should put on some after sun when we get in, I don't want you burning," Hannibal said softly.

“I hardly ever burn,” Will answered looking out the window. “But I will, thanks,” he muttered.

He was ashamed of himself for giving in and having a date with Hannibal. He should have ran, even if he wouldn’t have got far he needed to stop playing along with Hannibal delusions about their relationship. He should have been screaming for help as Hannibal tried to stick him with the needle and right now he should kick off the blanket and start banging his wrists against the windows. His fingers twitched but he didn’t do it.

He took a deep steadying breath and began counting in his head. *One…Two...Three…Four…Five.* He didn’t move, disgusted with himself. This was the moment Hannibal glanced at him with an affectionate smile. Will turned to stare at the window. The road wasn’t overly busy but there were enough cars on the road, Hannibal couldn’t kill them all and even if Will died in the confusion there were witnesses. Catching killers was his job and he was playing happy families with one of the worst of the worst.

A long-haul truck pulled-up alongside him and the burly driver, glanced down at Will with appreciation. He normally didn’t notice eyes on him but he was used to Hannibal’s staring and felt it again. His face was turned away from Hannibal. He could mouth a plea, maybe just shit his hands so it was clear he was here against his Will. Anything.

The burly driver licked his lips and Will turned away, angling his back to the window and facing Hannibal, closing his eyes and pretending to go to sleep. Hannibal slowed the car a little until they were no longer level with the truck. “A wise choice,” Hannibal praised, brushing his fingers through Will’s curls.

“I didn’t trust him,” Will muttered weakly, trying to defend his inaction.

“No, I’m sure he would have been more inclined to keep you for himself,” Hannibal observed.

“Most people don’t keep people captive because of a crush,” Will snapped.

Hannibal scoffed. “A crush,” he repeated with a slight eye roll.

Will turned back to the window. “I don’t want to talk about this again.”

“Agreed. I’m sure you could run through the entire conversation without my input,” Hannibal said. “Do tell me if the ending ever changes.”

He stayed silent as they moved off the main road and Will watched through the window as they travelled down several unfamilar streets. “Where are we going?” Will asked.

“Home, where else?” Hannibal answered.

“I know the way to your place and if anything we are going further away from *my* home,” he argued. “Where are you taking me?” He demanded, raising his voice.

“I am taking a more scenic route to *our* home to avoid traffic, you will begin to recognise the scenery soon,” Hannibal said calmly.

He was being truthful and the through the scenic route contained several unnecessary turns and some streets were visited twice they suddenly turned a corner and were on Hannibal ’s street. He smoothly drove the car into the garage and turned to face Will with a smile. “Thank you for your behaviour, I did not expect you to obey so easily,” Hannibal said, sounding entirely too pleased, either with himself or Will.

“Had nowhere to run,” Will answered stiffly. Hannibal nodded, still looking happy.

He removed the blanket and unbuckled the cuffs, stroking over the exposed skin briefly. Will saw himself punching Hannibal in the face, breaking his nose, startling him so he would be slow to respond. Keep punching until he was half conscious and coughing up blood. The keys were in the ignition, he could steal the car and drive straight to Jack. It was possible Hannibal had a second car but he could hardly ram him off the road. He was lost in the fantasies, wondering if he could get a hold of the drugs and take Hannibal with him, putting

an end to any chance of him escaping. He was brought back to the present when Hannibal exited the car, keys secure in his pocket. Another chance lost, thrown away. Hannibal opened the passenger door and Will exited, ignoring the offered hand.

He felt overwhelmingly tired as Hannibal guided him into the house with a hand on his back, all he wanted was to lie down, his head feeling far too heavy. As they travelled through the house Will noticed that the entrance to the stairs were electronically locked at the bottom and top, three electronic locks between himself and freedom and probably all with different combinations. As they walked to his room he expected to feel a wave of claustrophobia but he was just more tired than ever and once they were inside he kicked off his shoes and curled up on the bed. The room had begun to hold a sense of comfort to him.

“Are you alright, Will?” Hannibal asked, sitting behind him on the bed.

“Fine,” Will murmured. “Just tired, too much sun or something.”

“I’ll get you some water and after sun,” Hannibal said, leaving the room and returning quickly with a chilled bottle of water and aloe vera cream. “Rest for a little while, shall I collect you when it is time to prepare dinner?” Will turned to him, brow furrowed. “I assume you wish to help prepare the trout.”

Will thought for a moment, more freedom but also more time with Hannibal. He wanted both but felt like he needed to keep distance, especially after today, also he was too tired to move. There were knives in the kitchen, dozens of sharpened weapons. But he didn’t know if he had the will to try anything or the strength to take another failure. “No. I just need to sleep for a bit, anything you make will be better anyway.”

“Are you certain?” Hannibal asked, coming round to face Will. “You are somewhat pale,” he pressed a cool hand to Will’s forehead and Will couldn’t stop himself from moving into the touch, just a little. “Make sure to put some cream on before you sleep. I’ll bring you dinner later.”

Will nodded and murmured an agreement. After Hannibal left he dragged himself over to the wardrobe and grabbed some pyjamas before moving into the blind area to change. He quickly applied the cooling balm, and slid under the covers.

He sniffed and wiped at his eyes, shame coiling inside him and hot tears pricking behind his eyes. He was outside, unbound and free and he didn't even fight. Hannibal was in the water and Will had laughed and checked out his ass, even flirted. Looking back he should have tried to drown him. There was so much he should have done but his every choice had led to him returning to his cage, meek as a lamb. Hannibal was probably so happy because he thought he had tamed him. Maybe he had.

Will wasn't even sure if that was a bad thing.

His head was throbbing by this point, he took several gulps of water and tugged the covers up over his head. Hidden from the camera's watchful eyes he curled up in a ball and sobbed, fist stuffed against his mouth to stay quiet as burning tears racked his body and his throat burned as sob as sob fought its way out. He wasn't sure how long he cried for but eventually he must have drifted into sleep.

His body was heavy when he woke up, the sun having sunk behind the horizon. He rubbed sleep from his eye as his head continued its dull thumping. "Will?" He realised the pounding wasn't in his head. Hannibal was lightly knocking on his door.

"Just a minute," he called. He flicked on the lights and hurried to the bathroom. His face was puffy and eyes red from crying. He ran the cold taps and pressed a soaked washcloth to his face, trying to reduce the obvious symptoms. He rapidly brushed his teeth and composed himself. "Come in," as Hannibal entered Will donned a terry cloth robe and tried to smile.

"How are you feeling Will?" Hannibal asked, pleasantly, wheeling in a small table.

"I have a headache, I'm okay," Will managed, relieved when he took a seat at the table, still feeling weak.

Hannibal retrieved a bottle of pills from his pocket and placed them on the table. "After dinner as they may make you drowsy."

Will nodded and managed a small smile of gratitude, he wanted to take a small handful and sleep for a week but he knew Hannibal would go to unpleasant lengths to stop him doing something so potentially dangerous. “What did you make?” He asked instead.

Hannibal transferred the plates to the table with a proud flourish. “Trout with garlic and lemon butter herb sauce,” it smelled like heaven and Will’s stomach rumbled in response. “Along with a rather out of season side of cranberry rice pilaf,” the side looked every bit as good.

“Cranberry?” Will asked.

“More of a winter dish but I stumbled upon the recipe a couple of months ago and have been wanting to try it. It will still pair well with chardonnay, as there is no good reason to drink red with fish,” he took a bite of the dish himself. “I think it came out rather well.”

Will took a small taste. “Yeah, it’s delicious,” he agreed. He began to eat slowly, his strength returning with every bite. Hannibal did not force conversation on him, but watched him with affection and a flicker of concern. “I feel better now, thank you,” Will answered. His headache was refusing to be ignored but he did not feel so weak. He pushed down the intrusive thoughts that were swirling around his mind and focused on the complimentary flavours lingering on his tongue.

“I am glad,” Hannibal said.”Do you think he could handle a light dessert?” He asked, lifting his eyebrow in a tease.”

“Depends on what’s on the menu?” Will answered, stomach twisting when he heard himself flirting without even considering it. His cheeks flushed and he dropped his head in frustration with himself.

“Home-made vanilla ice cream,” Hannibal answered, voice warm and kind.

“Yes please,” Will answered quietly. Hannibal reached down the lower part of the rack where there were two bowls, nestled in buckets of ice. The vanilla ice cream was sweeter than any

Will had tasted, a world away from mr whippy. It was thick and creamy and sprinkled with flakes of crumbled chocolate. “You made this yourself?” He asked.

“I have an ice cream maker so it is not difficult. I find the home-made version more tasty,” he answered. He took a scoop of his own ice cream, slowly taking it into his mouth and closing his lips around the spoon, smiling like the cat who got the canary as he withdrew the silver slowly.

“You’re right. Just like we got down in Louisiana,” he said with a laugh. Hannibal chuckled in response.

“You are already looking better,” he commented. “You still have a healthy appetite.

“My head hurts but I do feel better after eating,” Will said, taking another bite of dessert.

“The wonders a simple meal can do for your health,” Hannibal said, preening slightly at seeing the effect of his food.

“Hmm, yes simple,” Will said, a mischievous smile playing around his lips. “You know, if it wasn’t for the festive rice I’d think you’d lost your touch.”

“I see you’re well enough to tease me,” Hannibal observed. “I care far too much about food to allow myself to become lazy.”

“Then when you start serving me ready meals and take out I’ll know you're bored of me,” Will quipped.

“I care about you a thousand times more than I do food," Hannibal said, voice heavy with sincerity. When he spoke with that velvety tone it was too easy to believe his every word was true. To Hannibal it probably was, in a twisted way he did love Will or was mistaking obsession for love. If Will ever escaped he could see this becoming a cheap made for television movie.

Will took a sip of chardonnay to lubricate his dry mouth. “Are these okay to take with wine?” He asked, reaching for the pain pills.

“I would not have given them to you otherwise,” Hannibal answered. “Just the one, they are powerful,” he warned. Will nodded and took the pill with the last of his wine, handing the bottle back to Hannibal. “Go lay down, I’ll tidy the plates.”

Will obeyed and lay down on the soft mattress, covering himself and sinking into the warmth. Hannibal quietly cleared away the plates and left the trolley in the hall before returning to the bed where Will lay with his back to him. Hannibal brushed his fingers through Will’s curls, smiling when Will shifted into the soothing touch. “I can stay for a while if you wish, until your medicine kicks in,” he said, careful to keep his voice level.

“I know what you’re thinking,” Will answered, curling in on himself. “No. I don’t care that it worked,” he shuddered slightly at the feel of the straight jacket wrapped tightly around him.

Hannibal nodded, stroking his hand along Will’s back. “If you change your mind I will be close,” he bent forward and pressed a lingering kiss to Will’s temple. “I had a wonderful time with you today Will, thank you for letting me share in your tradition. I am glad we are both learning to trust. That straightjacket was far too cumbersome and I am glad I may not have to use it as much in future,” he paused then. “Goodnight Will, I will check on you before breakfast.”

“Goodnight Hannibal,” Will responded. When the door shut he closed his eyes and pulled the duvet tighter around her. His thoughts were still chasing themselves round in circles but they were getting slower, harder to grasp as sleep gently wrapped around him, tugging him under. He was still unhappy at his earlier behaviour, telling himself over and over that it was cowardice that kept him from fighting.

A much quieter part of him was bothered by how cold he felt without Hannibal next to him.

Chapter End Notes

Will is trying so hard to resist. I'm kind of proud actually, I'd have given in after one kind word in that accent. What about you? I love hearing suggestions or future chapters as it will continue until I run out of ideas so your help would be appreciated.

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

XXX

Want

Chapter Summary

Hannibal opens up and tells Will what he truly wants. Will considers his own desire, but what is him and what is manipulation?

Chapter Notes

I got confused writing this, but I'm going with it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will woke up with aching muscles the next day. He stood under the warm spray of the shower for longer than usual, hoping the heat would unravel the knots that had formed overnight. It helped some but he still felt stiff as he changed. He was stretching his back out in front of the window when Hannibal's polite knock came to the door. "Come in," Will answered. He wanted to smile at Hannibal, feeling closer after their date/mental health day. He stamped down that feeling, eyes focusing on the electronic lock that reminded him he was still a prisoner, any connection born of loneliness.

"Good morning Will, how are you this morning?" Hannibal asked, sweeping into the room with a breakfast of cooked sandwiches.

"I feel better, just a bit stiff," Hannibal placed the food on the table and pressed the back of his hand to Will's forehead.

"And your headache?" He asked in concern.

"Mild," he answered. "I didn't sleep very well last night, that's all," he brushed Hannibal's hand away and took a seat at the table. The meat laden meal smelled great but Will's appetite was oddly absent.

“Are you sure you are well?” Hannibal repeated.

“Yes, Hannibal,” Will said, becoming irritated. He knew his temper was shorter than usual but he couldn’t say why. “My back’s all full of knots,” he answered, shifting his shoulders. He picked apart his breakfast as he ate it, having no real desire for it. Once they had eaten Hannibal disappeared and returned a moment later with a small glass jar.

“Tiger balm,” he said, showing it to Will. “Lay down and I can apply it to your sore muscles.”

Will bristled at that. “Don’t tell me what to do,” he snapped, snatching the jar from Hannibal. “I can do that myself.”

“I’m sure you can but it may be more comfortable to allow me to help you,” Hannibal said calmly.

“I don’t want your help,” Will muttered. “I don’t want anything from you,” the words were familiar.

Hannibal sighed but didn’t leave the room. “Is there anything I can do that can break this cycle?” He asked. Will just shrugged and didn’t answer. “Everytime you show even a glimmer of happiness or contentment you spend the next few days silent if not openly hostile. Your mood swings are quite dizzying.”

“Would you rather I allow you to think the ridiculous farce is working?” Will said.

“Of course it isn’t, you will not let it,” Hannibal stated. “Will not let yourself be happy.”

“I want to go home,” Will snapped, winching as he twisted his back too far too quickly. Hannibal plucked the jar from his hand.

“Lie down,” he said firmly, placing the jar on the bedside table.

Will stood up, meeting Hannibal’s eyes and jutting his chin forward. “No,” he said, just as firm. With a tut of annoyance Hannibal stepped forward and seized his wrist, pulling him close and reaching for his mouth with his free hand. Will twisted away but Hannibal moved forward, forcing Will against the wall behind him. He moved to cover Will’s mouth again but Will turned his head and viciously bit Hannibal’s hand, forcing him to let go.

Will quickly moved out of Hannibal’s reach, glaring at him and breathing hard. With a muffled sound of annoyance he tore off his shirt and lay face down on the bed, burying his face in the pillow. “Thank you,” Hannibal said softly, moving closer. Will grit his teeth and stayed silent, anger causing his body to flush red. He considered lashing out and fighting Hannibal for every inch but it would only end with him being knocked unconscious and forced to obey anyway. He would not choose to be helpless if he had the choice though surrendering made his stomach acid churn.

Hannibal ran a hand down Will’s bar back before shifting to straddle him and reaching for the jar. His fingers were gentle as he spread the ointment over Will’s back, massaging the muscle as he went, waiting for him to relax but Will kept his muscles tight, fingers curling into the pillow, absolutely seething with the fury.

Hannibal dug his fingers into a particularly tough knot, working at the edges and trying to loosen it up without causing pain. “You will need to relax if you wish to find relief,” Hannibal observed softly. Will huffed and buried his face deeper into the soft pillow.

With a soft sound of disapproval Hannibal moved himself so he sat next to Will, considering him thoughtfully. When minutes passed without his touch Will rolled away, presenting his back to Hannibal, wrapping his arms around himself.

Hannibal laid down and shuffled close to Will’s tight body. He remembered holding Will in his arms, the way he slowly relaxed despite his resistance. It had helped but Will was determined to make them both suffer. Hannibal slowly reached out his arms, settling them around Will’s trim waist. “No!” He snapped angrily, digging his nails into Hannibal’s forearm with an angry hiss. Hannibal ducked his head and hid a smile at how much he resembled a wild cat. Despite Will’s attack he held fast, tightening his grip. “Get off,” he snarled in annoyance.

“Will, please, stop resisting my help,” he urged softly, breaths ruffling Will’s soft hair. “I am only trying to take care of you.”

“I don’t want it,” he snapped, kicking his feet backwards awkwardly.

“Will, you can be reasonable and accept this or I can retrieve the straight jacket,” he said softly. “I am giving you this choice Will, I hope you will make the right one.”

“I hate you,” Will mumbled, but ceased his fighting.

“No you don’t,” Hannibal said. “But feel free to keep pretending.”

“I don’t need this,” Will tried. “I know it helped last time but I’m fine,” he argued.”

“You have a headache, you are not sleeping well and your appetite has certainly faded has it not?” He observed. “Call it preemptive therapy.”

“Do you have a therapist?” Will asked.

“Yes,” Hannibal answered. “Though I am not as honest with her as I am with you,” he admitted.

“So she doesn’t know I am here,” Will surmised.

“No, this is our secret,” Hannibal assured him, Will’s answered moan was disappointed. “Were you hoping to find an ally in her?” He asked with slight amusement.

“I miss therapy,” Will responded. “But who else can I talk to?” He asked.

“It must be difficult for you,” Hannibal said sympathetically. “I also find it difficult that I cannot discuss my feelings towards you with an outside party anymore. Too many falsehoods and lies to keep straight. You know I am…”

“Always here,” Will finished for him bitterly. “Yes I know.” Hannibal moved off the bed, cringing at the relief that seemed to settle over Will’s body. He crouched by the ipod dock, setting it to shuffle, leaving it to play softly in the background. He returned to his place and resumed hugging Will, turning his nose into his curls.

“We could try a sort of roleplay,” Hannibal suggested. Will’s snort was easier to understand than any words. “Get your mind out of the gutter,” he said fondly. “If you were able to talk to me as you would a shrink what would you say?”

Will stayed silent for a moment and Hannibal hoped he was genuinely considering the question. “Holding me like this is completely inappropriate?” He suggested. “It’s not a bad idea,” he admitted.

“So you will consider it?” Hannibal asked?

“Perhaps,” Will answered. “You’ve taken who I normally talk openly to.”

“I’m still here,” Hannibal said softly. “Even if you simply wish to rail at me I will not punish you for anything you wish to say.”

“I’m not talking about you,” Will sneered.

“I was not aware you had anyone else you trusted that much,” Hannibal answered. “Alana mentioned your habit for holding back, another trait we share.”

“I mean my dogs,” Will answered. Hannibal felt a twinge of guilt and let the conversation end.

Will wanted to stay rigid and unyielding but his back was sore and Hannial was warm, without the straight jacket it was comfortable to be held. He had gone years without this kind of comfort but he gave into it every time. He closed his eyes and steadied his breathing trying to feign sleep and letting his body go lax.

Hannibal smiled when Will’s muscles unwound and he leaned back against him. His breathing was controlled and when Hannibal pressed his forehead to Will’s bare shoulder he didn’t move, not even when his lips brushed the warm skin. Will let out a soft snore and Hannibal had to draw back so Will did not feel his lips curve. Will did not snore, he was faking sleep.

Hannibal smiled and stroked his hand over Will’s chest, feeling him relax further. He had more weight on him than he had when he arrived and he felt healthier now his ribs were not visible.

His hair was longer too, a disposable razor could not cause much damage so Will could at least shave himself but he had no scissors. Hannibal liked his hair long, with his queen shaven face it made him look softer, almost feminine. Will’s slender form would love adorable in ivory silk and lace but he had carefully chosen a wardrobe that suited Will’s usual style, trying to force him into a slinky nightgown would only earn him a beautiful tantrum.

He did love it when Will lost control, eyes glowing and teeth bared but it was not half so enjoyable for Will. It would be unfair to encourage such negative emotions for his own aesthetic enjoyment. Will breathing was still measured but less so, Hannibal closed his eyes, hands still caressing his smooth skin.

“You bring me more comfort than any therapist,” he whispered, pretending to believe that Will was fast asleep. “I thought happiness was out of my reach after I escaped my sister’s killers. I lost everything and was returned to my family home to find it reduced to an underfunded orphanage. I moved through life, finding moments of contentment, beautiful music and people who stirred some lust but real happiness was elusive. Then there was you,” he said with a smile, he was half speaking to himself, reminiscing. “Your eyes drew me in and your prickly personality. While most of the world reaches out for connection you were determined to chase everyone away and cut into those who refused to allow it. I had to find a

way past the barricades you had built, find who you were at your core. Under your tough exterior was such beautiful vulnerability and loneliness and need for someone who could appreciate the way your perfect mind works. But at the centre of you was steel, such violent potential, in need of nurture. I built a place for myself inside you and found what I had always longed for. Just knowing you, being in your presence had brought me more joy and sustenance than even the most decadent of foods. I am going to find a way to bring you that same happiness, as soon as you are willing to accept it," Will let out another fake snore and Hannibal laughed softly. "Hopefully one day you will tell me how," he pressed a kiss to Will's fluttering pulse point, softly moaning with the desire to leave a purple circle on the skin there. "I will give you the alone time you claim to want, please let me know if you do desire my company," he held Will tighter for a moment.

Will opened his eyes and took in several deep breaths. He suspected Hannibal did know he was faking sleep but the way he spoke of Will with such fondness and desire warmed his insides. The only thing that would make him happy was his freedom. The thought felt empty.

He flopped onto his back and frowned. He understood what Hannibal said about real happiness being elusive, felt seen by his words because he often felt that way. Satisfaction and happiness were fleeting sensations, a break in his usual… discontent. That emptiness was becoming a faded memory, something he did not feel around Hannibal.

Whether he liked it or not Hannibal made him feel everything with more intensity, anger, want, happiness. It was almost painful at times but perhaps preferable to his muted life. If he was free would it mean he would sink back into that discontent? He hoped not.

He reached for the bundle of knots at the base of his back, a massage would have helped if he hadn't stayed so rigid the entire time. Giving into Hannibal was appealing. Hannibal would take care of him without ever making Will feel like he was a burden, even if what he felt was a dark twisted form of love it was love. Gods, Will wished he had his dogs, they were the best listeners and when he worked himself into a confused frenzy they would crawl into his lap, cuddling him until he felt calm. They would help him figure out what he wanted.

He wanted to be able to walk out the door and taste the fresh air and play with his dogs, then come back and relax in Hannibal's arms and be told he was loved.

He walked to the door, pressed his hands against the wood and opened his mouth to call out for Hannibal.

NO!

Everything he was feeling was a manipulation and he would not give in.

Hannibal wouldn’t love him if he did.

Chapter End Notes

How as this? What you were hoping for or a let down? I want to know, even if it's not good.

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XXX

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!